

FRANK LESLIE'S Boys' & Girls' Weekly

An Illustrated Journal of Amusement, Adventure, and Instruction.

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

A NEW FEATURE—THREE WEEKLY PRIZES FOR THE BEST DRAWINGS.

TO encourage those who have acquired some proficiency, and to stimulate others to take up the study of drawing in earnest and cultivate the talent they possess, we propose to give, for a time, THREE WEEKLY PRIZES FOR THE BEST DRAWING sent in to FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY. The drawing is to be sent accompanied by an attestation of the young person's teacher that it is actually the pupil's own work, without outlining or touching up by any other hand.

The first prize, THREE DOLLARS, will be given for the best drawing of the human figure, or the head, torso, arm, hand, foot, etc.

The second prize, TWO DOLLARS, for the best drawing of an animal, the whole figure, or the head.

The third prize, ONE DOLLAR, for the best landscape.

Drawings that, in the opinion of the Committee of Judges, possess remarkable merit—and we hope to receive one such each week—will be engraved, for FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY, and the name of the artist given.

The prizes will be awarded every week. The successful candidates will be made known in the same way that is practiced in regard to the Round Table.

It is recommended that the sketches be not too large—not to exceed eight inches by ten. They should be sent flat, in an envelope, and not on rollers, which are liable to delay and accident in the mail.

In addition to the money prizes, each successful candidate will receive a Certificate of Merit, inscribed with his name and address in full. Candidates must not be astonished if their names do not immediately appear, or that their drawings do not receive immediate attention, for we are in receipt of so many specimens that it takes a very long time to examine them.

Drawings must be original, not copies.

THE MYSTIC THREE.

SHOWING WHAT HAPPENED TO THREE BOYS WHO BELIEVED ALL THEY READ.

By FIERCE CUTTING.

CHAPTER LIX.

A REUNION.

As Simeon Walsingham Pugsley struck the object alluded to, the door swung to and he

could hear the rattle of a bolt securing it on the other side.

At this harsh clang the yielding body upon which the Devastator had fallen emitted another sound expressive of agony.

And it also made a movement, which rolled him off of it on to the rocky floor, where his skull came in contact with the similar portion of some one else's anatomy.

Which some one else likewise groaned most distastefully.

At this second cry Sim sat suddenly up.

"Hello! hello!" he said.

"Hello, yourself!" responded one voice.

"And see how you like it," added another.

"Why, there's two of 'em!" exclaimed Sim.

"There won't be any of 'em soon, if they don't get something to eat," said the first voice.

"Even a belted oyster-shell," added the second.

"Or a stewed tomato-can."

"Or a fricassee of frogs'-ears."

"Or a dish of fried butterflied livers."

Simeon Walsingham Pugsley listened to these successive exclamations with an amazement that fairly paralyzed him.

He could not believe his ears, and if it had been light enough for him to see, he would not have credited his eyes.

The voices were those of his fellow-adventurers. There was no mistaking the familiar accents of Hackallah Snick and Gideon Goble, uttering their oft-omitted wail for food.

It was, therefore, quite natural for Simeon Walsingham Pugsley to remark, in accents of astonishment:

"Oh, bones!"

"Marrow - bones!" eagerly exclaimed the voice of Hack.

"Piled, he'll - or raw!" added that of Gid Goble, with equal expressiveness.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Sim.

"We'll never, you mean."

"Never what?"

"Get anything to eat from you."

"You're about right."

"I s'pose so. I don't know who you are, but you couldn't be worse if you were Pugsley the crack himself."

"Well, you my soul!" exclaimed Sim, unable to restrain himself any longer, "those familiar accents strike home to my heart. They are—"

"They is."

"My long-lost brothers."

"Well, bless me," ejaculated Hack and Gid together, "if it ain't Pugsley himself!"

"Of course it is."

"And here."

"I don't see as I'm anywhere else."

"But you wish you were, I dare say."

"Well, I must say I do."

"Just like him, ain't it, Gid?"

"His living image."

"Always thinking only of himself."

"Regularly wrapped up in it, like a mummy."

"Well, this is a nice reception to give a fellow, 'pon my soul!"

"Haden't you better wear by something you could find without an extra, double-million microscope?"

"What, then?"

"Your head."

"Or your feet."



"THEIR YELLS OF TERROR RANG OUT THROUGH THE GLOOM. THREE WILDLY STAGGERING FIGURES CLUNG DESPERATELY TO THE CAPTIVED SKEET."

"Or your mouth."
"Or your ears."
The insult was too much for Sim's good nature. "That'll do, Hack. Snick," he said, angrily.
"Your ears, do you mean? I should say they would for half a dozen."
"And this," observed Sim, with a groan, "is what comes of trying to rescue two such gulls as you."

"Trying to rescue us?"
"Yes, trying to rescue us?"
"And are you trying to rescue us?"
"I'm a blamed fool, I am."
"Then all I can say is, you go about it in a blamed queer way."
"How so?"
"Why, to begin by running away from us."
"Well, if I had staid with you, could I have followed you?"
"No, but you could have come with us."
"Well, what does it matter? I'm here now ain't I?"
"And that's all the good it does us."
"I don't know about that."
"Why, you're no better off than we are now."
"Yes, I am."
"Why are you?"
"Because I'm not tied up."
"Well, you can easily square that."
"How?"
"By cutting me loose."
"Even so, me, lord."
And Sim drew his knife, which had remained in his belt.

There was a dim light in the place, the reflection of the red glare of the fire, which found its way through the chinks in the timbers which separated them from the main cavern.

And by this illumination Sim had perceived that his friends were stretched on the floor, bound hand and foot.

To release them was the work of an instant. As he performed this operation, the sound of voices in the large cavern grew into a threatening war.

"Kill 'em!" cried one.
"Roast 'em alive!" roared another.
"Carve their hearts out," squealed a voice which Sim recognized as the property of Cannibal Jack.
"Yes, yes. Fetch 'em out and have done with 'em!" howled a chorus.
This is the sort of rescue you do, is it?" sneered Hack.
"I don't see as I'm doing any yet."
"Nor you won't."
"Why won't you?"
"Because you won't have anybody to rescue."
"Indeed?"
"Yes, indeed."
"Well, we'll see about that."
"We'll be saved the trouble, I guess."
As he spoke, another horse about burst through the partition.

"The captain! the captain!"
"What's all this row about?" demanded a strange voice, evidently that of some one just entered.

Some words followed, spoken so confusedly that the listeners could not make them out.

Then the voice of Red Dave Money was audible.
"Kem tumber down the chimney, cap," he said.

"And where is he now?"
"In there."
"With the other two?"
"Yes."
"But what's all this muss here about?"

"Nothin', only he killed Nick Roberts afore we got him out the way."
"He killed Nick Roberts?"
"Dead as a smoked herring."
"And how did he kill him?"
"Shot him like a bag o' nails."
"And laid me out," added another voice.
"Laid you out?"
"Yes."

"And what ails you?"
"Oh, one of my eyes has took a walk that's all."
"Well, roast one of 'em like a turkey I turned up when I did. He intended to wipe you all out, it seems. But bring me a drink, one of you, and then we'll settle with all three."

"At this juncture Sim, who had been listening with his ear to a crack, gave vent to a short, but suppressed cry.
"By Jingo! What's that?"
And he sprang into a corner of their prison.

CHAPTER LX.

WHICH ENDS IN A BLOW UP.

THE object which had drawn this exclamation from Sim was a small, dark, round object, which stood dimly revealed by the light that found its way faintly through the cracks in the plank-door, was a small keg.

"What's in it?" demanded Hack, as Sim seized it and attempted to roll it out into the middle of the rocky floor.

"I only hope it's what I think."
"What's that?"
"Don't burst a blood-vessel, and you'll find out," replied Sim, as he vainly tugged at the keg. "Name it, it's as heavy as lead."

"I hope it's got something besides lead in it,"
"Grab, for instance," remarked Gid.
"Prog, for example."
"Beet."
"Pork."
"Mackerel."
"Plum-pudding."
"Roast turkey."
"Lobster salad."
"Or even only bread."

"Yes, or hard-tack."
Without paying any attention to their irrelevant remarks, Sim, feeling alone on the floor, found a loose stone, and stove in the head of the keg at a single blow.

Inserting his hand he brought forth a handful of black, silny grains.

At the sight of these his eyes brightened. There was no mistaking the substance.

It was gunpowder. Two of the Devastators exchanged glances indicative of disgust.

Their hopes of securing a square meal were again dashed to the ground.

But the other member of the trio uttered a cry of joy.

"That excellent individual was Simson Walsingham Pugsley,"
"Fellows!" he exclaimed, "we've just got 'em where we want 'em."
"Got who?"
"Got which?"
"And where do we want 'em?"

"Why, the robbers, stupid."
"It strikes me they're the ones have got us."
"Not much. I tell you now, we've got them dead right."

"That'll have me dead, whether it's to rights or to wrong," responded Hack, "if they don't bring in the victuals pretty quick. I can just feel myself pecked by hunger."

"I'm wanted to a living skeleton now," added Gid, dolefully. "I don't believe I'd eat a respectable shadow."

"Because the shadow is like the substance."
"Why wouldn't it?"
"Well, there would be any substance soon, so you needn't worry."

"I'm not; only do you think you're likely to get anything to eat in this hole?" demanded Sim, impatiently.

"I don't see the slightest prospect of it, Mr. Pugsley. If I did, you can wager your saccharine existence I wouldn't stop with seeing it."

"There ain't a single morsel of a chance of it," continued Gid.

"Don't you think you'd better try to get out of it?"
"I'm blamed if I can see how we're going to do that."

"I didn't expect you could," said Sim.
"Oh, you didn't?"
"No, you never can see anything till somebody shows it to you."

"That somebody won't ever be you."
"I know it won't. You ain't worth the trouble."
"Perhaps you've found a way to escape, Mr. Pugsley, from the main cavern."

"There ain't any perhaps about it; of course I have," replied Sim, confidently.

"What is it?" asked Hack and Gid, in a breath.
"I've found out I had an hour ago if you could only keep your tongues from wagging long enough to listen to me for a minute."

"For great goodness sake, Pugsley, cut with it; if you've thought of anything, let's hear it," said Hack, anxiously.

"Oh, you're willing to listen, are you?" inquired Sim.
"I'm as dumb as a dead clam," replied Hack.
"Or an Egyptian mummy," added Gid.
"Well, you see this keg of powder?" continued Sim.

"I believe we've got eyes, Mr. Pugsley."
"Well, you don't make much use of 'em, then."
"We don't!"
"Not any."

"Why don't we?"
"Because you're too thick-headed, I suppose."
"Look here, Pugsley: if you've got anything to say, why don't you say it?" said Hack, impatiently.

"I'm a-saying it, ain't I?"
"You're mighty long-winded, then."
"You're right to get anything through you fellows," replied Sim.

"Well, go ahead with your scheme, if you've got any."
"It's a very simple one," continued Sim; "we'll roll this keg of powder out here right opposite the door, and when those ruffians open it we'll threaten to blow up the place, and then they'll let us go."

"We will, we will."
"Yes, sir; that'll fetch 'em, sure."
"It's a damned sight more likely to fetch us, I'm thinking," said Hack; "suppose they don't come?"

"Then we can wait till they do."
"And starve to death?" inquired Gid, with a groan.
"I guess you won't starve, Mr. Goble."
"It takes time days to die of starvation."
"It won't take me any time days, you can bet your gizzard," replied Gid.

"Why not?"
"Because I'm pretty near gone now."
"Well, they'll be sure to come after us before that time."

"I hope to goodness they will," responded Gid; "but I don't see it then I hear tell of it."
"You'll see it sooner than you want to, maybe," said Sim.

As if his words were prophetic, a sound of approaching footsteps came from beyond the door of their prison.

In an instant more it swung outward.

And the opening appeared crowded with savage forms.

The barrel of a rifle or revolver gleamed in every hand, but before they could be raised, Simson Walsingham Pugsley dashed a double handful of powder into the faces of the enemy.

Blinded by the stinging cloud the crowd fell back a couple of paces, and Sim sent another shower of powder into the faces of the enemy.

It blazed up with a puff and a flash, and a chorus of voices yelled:

"The powder! they're got the powder!"
"That comes of your leaving them in the stroom, you infernal fools," cried the captain. "Jump in on 'em now, before they do more damage!"

But the command came too late.

Even as he spoke, the three Devastators, served by the energy of despair, buried the keg of powder along the rocky floor.

It rolled into the very heart of the fire.

A cry of horror escaped the mob of train-wreckers, and a couple of the boldest leaped forward to match the keg from the flames.

Even as they did so its contents ignited.

There was a blinding flash, a roar of terrific volume, and a rattling crash like the peal of a thousand thunder rolled into one.

Tons of rock came tumbling from the roof of the cavern, and while the two who were nearest the fire were blown into fragments, the rest of the train-wreckers were hurled in the ruin.

And where, meanwhile, were the Mystic Three?

As the powder-keg rolled into the fire, Sim had seen the vapor of the explosion that belched from the cavern, buried in the heart of the mountain.

Quick! quick! he shouted.

And he pulled them into what in the semi-darkness had struck him as being a niche or indentation in the wall. Scarcely to his amazement and delight, it was an open passage.

They had gone a couple of yards in it when the flames blazed up.

Then great masses of stone, loosened by the concussion, came crashing down behind them, closing the passage and leaving them stranded, alone in the vapor of the explosion that belched from the cavern, buried in the heart of the mountain.

CHAPTER LXI.

A TERRIBLE SUSPENSE.

WHEN the echoes and reverberations of the explosion had died away, the Mystic Three found themselves in total darkness.

For a few seconds they stood holding each other's hands, too terrified even to move.

Then a groan of despair burst simultaneously from the three.

"Great snakes, fellows," wailed Hack, "we're buried alive."
"With a white mountain on top of us," cried Gid.

"In the very bowels of the earth," added Sim.
"What on earth shall we do?" asked Hack.

"I was groping about in the dark, and feeling for some outlet from their rocky prison.

Then he suddenly uttered a shout of joy.
"Fellows, we're in a kind of a passage like a tunnel," he exclaimed.

"Well, does that make us any better off?" asked Hack.
"Following me, it does," replied Gid.

"Why does it?"
"Because we're only got to follow it up; it must lead somewhere."
"You mean to say so?"

"And it may bring us out into the world again."
"And then again it may not, eh?"

"You may be likely to take us out of the world, I reckon," said Gid.
"Well, we can't be any worse off than we are," replied Sim, "so come along."

"Following me," said the Devastators made their way slowly along the rocky passage.

It was scarcely wide enough for the three to walk abreast, and so low that they frequently knocked their heads against projecting knobs of rock.

For some time they groped their way along in silence.

At length a chill blast of air rained their faces.

All at once they heard what seemed the sound of water falling from a considerable height.

Sim, who was a little in advance, suddenly came to a halt.

"What are you stopping for?" demanded Hack.
"Because I hear a noise."
"That of?"

"Oh, nothing, only I don't want to fall into some bottomless pit in the dark."
"If you had a light you wouldn't mind it, I suppose."

"Hackalack Snick, you're a heartless brute."
"What's the matter with you now?"

"I believe you wouldn't care if I fell seventeen thousand feet into some hole or other."
"I'd rather it was you than me, Pugsley."

"I know it."
"Is that all you know?"
"Yes, I'm a fool."

"Well, I'd merely like to find out if we're going to step here for the rest of our natural lives."
"I wouldn't be a very long step, I guess," added Gid; "not for me, anyway."

"Why not, Mr. Goble?"
"Because I shall kick the bucket before the end of more can again illumine the Oriental bazaar."

"You'll choke yourself to death if you sling language that way," said Hack.

"You've just kicked the bucket a while ago," remarked Sim.
"How so?"

"Why, he turned a little pale, didn't he?"
"You ought to be ashamed," said Gid, indignantly.

"What for?"
"You're just dying at such a time as this."
"I'm only trying to cheer you up," replied Sim.

"There's only one way to do that."
"And it is?"
"To get out of this horrible place."

"I'd soon do that if I could raise a light," replied Sim.

"By gum, I believe I've got some matches,"
cried Gid, feeling eagerly in his various pockets.

And to the utter astonishment of his companions he produced a handful.

"Gideon Goble!" exclaimed Sim, in a tone of intense disgust, as he seized the matches, "you are the most chuckle-headed idiot I ever heard of in my born days."

"Of course it," added Hack.
"Or dreamed of," continued Gid.

"What am I an idiot for?" demanded Gid.
"For letting us stumble around here in the dark, when we might have had a light all the time," responded Hack.

"It's mighty lucky for you that I was idiot enough to have the matches."
"Well, I suppose we'll have to forgive you," said Sim. "Here goes for daylight."

And he struck a match on the rocky wall.

As the flame blazed up and illuminated the passage their eyes, so long accustomed to the darkness, were hardly blinded.

And indeed, Sim had burned three matches that they could distinguish anything of their position.

Then they saw a light that turned their blood to ice.

Not ten paces before them the passage widened, and opened into a large cavern of irregular shape.

In its centre was a glaring abyss of unknown depth above it stood the framework of a windmill, with the rope still attached, and an iron bucket swinging at the end of a chain.

Below the shaft of an abandoned lead mine, and the passage in which they were had formed one of its transverse galleries.

Continuously approaching the shaft, they gazed into its gloomy depths.

Water trickled down the sides, and they could hear its splash far, far below.

Sim, who had led away, the Mystic Three followed the windmill, and soon had a sort of rude

ladder, by the faring light of which they examined the place.

Hack found a fragment of rock, and threw it down the shaft.

"They heard it rebound from side to side, waking the echoes of the dismal pit, and then came silence."
"That's all," said Hack, "the bucket's deep."

"This condemned hole's over a mile deep,"
Gid gave utterance to a heart-rending groan.

"It doesn't matter if it's a thousand miles deep,"
said Sim, determinedly; "we've got to go down it."

"To go down it?" asked Hack, doubtfully.
"Yes, sir; down to the bottom."
"We will go to the bottom—sure enough, if we're fools enough to try it," said Gid.

"Perhaps you'd rather stay here, Mr. Goble?" remarked Sim.

"I'd almost as soon starve to death as go down such a dreadful-looking hole as that," replied the ancient mariner, gloomily.

"Well, you'll have to do it, all the same."
"Why will it?"

"Because it's the only way out."
Hackalack, who had been examining the windmill and rope, now said:

"The rope's sound yet, fellows, and the bucket would hold all three of us."

"Yes," replied Sim, "and it's a double-probability windmill, too; our weight won't more than just unwind it slowly."

"Well, what do you say?" demanded Hack.
"Shall we descend?"

"We've got to."
"Get in the bucket, then; there's no use in thinking about it if it's got to be done."

Hack and Gid climbed into the huge iron bucket, and Gid, after a last vain and despairing look around in search of some other way of escape, followed them.

The windmill commenced to turn slowly, with a harsh, creaking noise, and the Mystic Three began to descend the dreadful depths of the shaft.

For what seemed to the frightened Devastators an eternity of time, they slowly went down—down into the apparently bottomless abyss.

Suddenly, as they clung tremblingly to the chains by which the bucket was suspended from the rope, the descent ceased.

The bucket swung to and fro for a moment, then with a sharp snap one of the ropes parted.

Three yells of terror rang out through the gloom. Three wildly struggling figures clung desperately to the captain's bucket.

The half-burned torch fell from Sim's grasp, and went out.

And in the darkness the Mystic Three hung suspended over the dreadful depths below.

CHAPTER LXII.

DOWN IN A LEAD MINE.

FOR a moment the Mystic Three swung to and fro in silence, straining every nerve to retain their precarious hold upon the bucket.

Then they gave vent to a simultaneous wall of despair.

"Oh, Lordy!" groaned Hackalack, "we're gone this time, sure."
"There's a damned tragic effort to climb up the rope, in doing which he nearly knocked Gid from his insecure perch on the edge of the bucket."

"Gone," gasped Gid, in a voice of despair, "scoring himself; we'll be smashed to atoms."

"There won't be a piece of us left as big as a doughnut," added Hackalack.

"And I'm a damned fool," added Sim, who had succeeded in establishing himself in a rather more secure position than either of his comrades.

"I should think that was enough the matter," responded Hackalack, "when we're hanging by our eyelids to the end of a rope."

"Yes, and with a half-eaten or eight miles deep underneath," added Gid.

"Which we're going to fall into next thing," added Hack, with a dismal sigh.

"It won't be that long, you'll hang at the end of Mr. Sim's neck," remarked Sim.

"I hope it won't, I'm sure," replied Hack.
"Perhaps you won't like the next one-half as well as you do this one."

"Maybe I won't, but I'm willing to take the chances on it, anyway."

"Fellows," screamed Gid, in a voice of abject terror, "the bucket's cracked! the chain is slipping through my fingers."

"Why don't you hold on, then?"
"Can't, I'm a-gone! Great blinnacles, I'm gone!"

And with a rattling of the chain and a wild shriek of despair, Gideon Goble let go his hold, and fell down, down into the darkness and silence below.

His terror-stricken comrades listened with their nerves strung to their utmost tension.

But no sound came back to them.

So dreadful was the silence that they could hear the beating of their own hearts.

"He's gone," said Hack, at last, with a shudder.
"Poor Gid," replied Sim, dolefully; "he must be dashed to pieces."

"There ain't enough left of him to make a meal for a musquito."

"We won't be long after him. I can't hold on much longer."
"Nor I."
"Then we'll have to take a tumble."
And Sim made a futile effort to chuckle at his ghastly joke.

Just as he did so, Hackalack gave vent to a yell that woke the echoes of the mine.

And loosing his hold of the bucket he, too, shot headlong down into the unknown depths.

Sim gazed more desperately at the bucket and shuddered.

A few moments passed, each seeming like the lapse of hours to the unhappy Devastator.

Then his hands began to slip from their hold.

Despite his efforts to retain his grasp upon the bucket, he found himself gradually losing his hold.

Then were a few seconds of dreadful suspense.

Then his stiffened fingers relaxed their grasp.

And the last of the Mystic Three plunged downward into the abyss.

So we did not see him again.

Quite the contrary.

Instead of falling hundreds of feet and landing, as he fully expected, upon a shattered remnant of the unfortunate companions, something very different happened to him.

Simson Walsingham Pugsley was, to use his own expressive words, "completely paralyzed."

For he fell about four feet.

Into a bed of soft mud.
"And when he had sufficiently recovered himself to extricate himself from the mire he heard something which astonished him still more.

It was the noise of violent laughter.
The laughter proceeded from two figures which he now saw gliding in the side of the shaft, through which a faint glimmer of light found its way. These two figures were those of Haskallah and Gideon Goble.

To say that Sim was disgusted would be no name for the emotion that overpowered him.
He was mad all the way through.

And he got madder every minute, for his companion opened on him at once.
"Hallo, Puggy," began Haskallah, grinning, as Sim stared, remarked, like a chimpanzee with the collar, "when did you come down?"

"Have a nice trip, Mr. Puggy?" inquired Gid, with an air of solicitude.
"Leave the fellow all right!"

"How'd you cross up your way?"
Sim glared at his tormentors for a second, and then broke forth angrily:

"You mean, low-down, heartless, cold-blooded, gimble-eyed, apish-looking, warble-brutes!"
And then he gasped for breath.

"Go on, Puggy, go it, old fellow-slayerer!" shouted Haskallah and Gid in chorus.
"No, I will not."

"And why won't you?"
"Because you ain't worth it."

"We ain't!"
"No, you ain't worth half the price of the rope that'll take to hang you."

"Why, what have you done?" inquired Haskallah, innocently.
"It ain't what you've done; it's what you haven't done."

"Well, what haven't you done?"
"Why didn't you sing out that it wouldn't hurt a fellow to fall?"

"You'd better ask Gid," replied Haskallah. "He had the first chance."

"Yes," remarked Gid, "and I didn't want to deprive you fellows of the pleasure of finding out that you weren't hurt!"

"It was very kind of you, Mr. Goble."
"I'm glad you appreciate it."

"So much so, that you only need to just wait till I get a chance to let you know how I feel about it."

And Sim gnashed his teeth in a manner that indicated a great determination of future retaliation.
"Well, Puggy, if you're jawing, we might as well get out of this hole," remarked Haskallah.

"How are you going to do it?"
"Easy enough," look here."

And Haskallah pointed to the opening at the entrance to which they stood.

To his surprise, Sim saw that it was a lateral or side shaft, and that a faint light glimmered at its further extremity.

Toward this light they proceeded as rapidly as possible, and in a few minutes, to their delight and astonishment, came out once more into the free air of the outer world.

The light which had served as their guide they found proceeded from a brilliant, full moon, so high in the heavens, making all about them nearly as light as day.

By its radiance they saw that they were half way up the mountain-side, and below them lay a narrow valley.

While they looked, a sudden flare of flame and a puff of white smoke shot up from a point in the slope of the mountain.

At the same instant there came the loud report of an explosion, and the ground trembled beneath their feet.

Then arose upon the still night air a tumult of shouts and cries and the quick, sharp rattle of firearms, while the glare of a conflagration lit up the scene.

By a common impulse the Mystic Three ran down the mountain-side, determined to maintain their reputation and take a hand in the ruction which seemed to be raging below them.

CHAPTER LXVII.

MOONSHINE MIKE.

THE occurrence detailed at the end of the last chapter necessitate a digression by way of explanation.

And also the introduction of a new character. Or rather three new characters.

These, as hour before the Mystic Three emerged from their dark prison in the heart of the mountain, were descending through the forest under which our heroes were buried, over a broken and irregular track, which even by daylight would have been an unpassable one.

Any one acquainted with the district would have recognized two of them at once as members of that class of illicit dwellers to one of whose workshops the reader has already followed Simon Wainwright Pugsley.

As regards the third, it was neither more nor less than a yellow nigger.

The figures were those of a stalwart youth of sixteen and an old negro, and the shining gleam of the moonlight on the polished barrels of rifle and revolver told that the first at least was armed.

Both himself and his dusky companion wore the rough, bark clothes to the mountains, and the negro, as he strode along, pulled vigorously at a cob pipe, black with use.

The youth, on his part, listened with the constant and keen attention of one who bears pursuit, to every sound borne to them by the breeze, cool wind.

"You news was bogus, as usual, you drunken old vagabond," he said, at last. "I bet my head for a football you can't get the revenue officers we meet to-night into the whiskey-jug you saw the bottom of this afternoon, and not erred it either."

"May old Nick fly away with me, Massa Mike, if I don't tell the general truth," responded the negro. "I seen dem drink de de cross-road far shuah."

"Nonsense! you'll be seeing rattlesnakes in your boots soon, you old rascal, if you don't give that jug a rest."

"I've dose seen 'em already many a time, Massa Mike."

"And no wonder. Hang it all, you're drinking up the whole profits of the still, as sure as my name's Moonshine Mike. Why, it takes a gallon of water to keep you going."

"Hoh! Kooee, Massa Mike," exclaimed the negro, rolling his eyes upward till they looked like two fresh-shelled, hard-boiled eggs. "Dat am a bad disposition of character."

"Of your what?"
"My character, Massa Mike."

"I never knew you had any before."

"I've got a head full of it, tell me. An' I neber drunk more den true quarts any day of my life. It's Brimstone dah done de rest."

At the asperity of his character, the yellow nigger, who, thanks to his color, answered to this epithet with a sullen, angry sneer, and the negro jumped aside in evident terror.

"Money on us!" he cried. "Dat mule am a Brimstone-debbit, for shuah."

"It's play the old Harry with you if you keep on blackguarding him that way, anyhow," remarked Mike, grinning. "Whiskey Jim, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You're the worst lunk and the biggest liar in all this country."

"Great halibee, Massa Mike," you call me a liar!"
"Yes, I do."

"At a lick!"
"To be sure. Here's the cross-road. Where are the revenue men, eh?"

"Here, and ready for us," shouted a voice from the darkness ahead. "Surround 'em, you infernal young scoundrel, or you're a dead man!"

And a dozen, heavily-armed men burst from the thicket that hemmed the narrow path.

Taken by surprise as he was, Moonshine Mike did not lose his presence of mind.

"If you want me come and take me," he cried. "Here's my last offer."

And he swung himself on top of the casks on the mule's back with the graceful agility of an acrobat.

As he did so he beckoned the rifle men to random into the group, and uttered a sharp whistle.

This was evidently a familiar signal to the yellow nigger, who at once obeyed.

That sagacious quadruped pricked up his ears, shook his head, and showing his dangerous teeth, with a shrill, vicious snarl, darted at the astonished officer, who, this unlooked-for resistance had fairly paralyzed.

With a savage howl of his forested brute smashed the ribs of one, who fell to the earth with a scream of agony.

Then Brimstone buried his teeth in the shoulder of another just as he leveled a revolver at his master. The man's aim was, of course, disturbed, and the pistol discharged into the air.

A moment later a smashing blow on the skull from the heavy butt of Mike's rifle stretched the unlucky man senseless and his companion.

Then, with a shout of defiance, the boy turned the mule, and dashed down the mountain.

All this had occurred so quickly that before the first officer had recovered from their astonishment their prey was out of sight.

The notes of crashing brushwood and snapping twigs, and the sharp ring of the mule's hoofs on the rocky ground, served, however, to guide them.

Leaving their wounded comrades where they lay, they started in pursuit.

"Harky Jim, moonshine, at the first appearance of an enemy, had vanished like a black phantom in the sombre shadow of the forest."

The cowardly old nigger, muttered his late companion, as he cowered down the dangerous trail, every step threatening to send the mule and himself rolling headlong. "If he was only half as good at fighting as he is at drinking rum, we might have made a stand."

In fact, the nature of the ground, regarding his animal's pace by its roughness, was in favor of his numerous pursuers, who were closing steadily in on him.

The mule, too, with its heavy double load of whiskey and humanity, began to exhibit signs of fatigue.

Brimstone was a plucky beast, however, and to spite of his failing strength, pressed on, until the last officer had reached a barren plateau.

On the lower verge of this plateau a deserted and ruinous log-cabin was visible.

Urging him across the plateau, Mike had just reached the edge, when a fierce shout apprised him that his pursuers had arrived at the other side of the clearing and caught sight of him.

"I'll have to fight for it," he thought. "Brimstone is totally knocked up. There's no chance but to make a stand, and I might as well do it here."

And leaping to the ground, he pushed the door open and let the mule inside.

To shove the door, which was a stout structure of slabs, shut after him was the work of an instant. In a moment more he had secured it against any ordinary assault by barring it with a stout wooden bar he found in the corner.

Nothing short of a battering-ram or Whiskey Jim's own force, that he remarked, with an accent of satisfaction. "Now, let's see where we are, anyway."

He looked about him.
The broad ray of moonlight which found its way into the cabin through a fissure in the roof revealed on the opposite side to that by which he had entered a room covered by a heavy wooden bar.

For the rest the place was simply a dark, wooden apartment, littered with fragments of wood and broken furniture.

It had evidently long been abandoned, for a dense growth of rank grass, to which Brimstone began to pay his attentions at once, had sprung up everywhere.

Before the fugitive had time to note more, the noise of steps and confused voices outside announced that his pursuers were at hand.

"I might as well give up all hope of saving the whiskey—that is, if I want to save myself," Mike muttered, as he by no means friendly remarks of the police officer reached him. "Hang it all, it's a shame to waste good spirits this way, too. However, it can't be helped, so while you're making up your minds, gentle, I'll lighten Brimstone of his cargo."

The third mule testified his approbation of this move in a low whinny, while his master removed the ponderous casks from his back and set them on the ground.

"Inside there!" now called a hoarse voice from the exterior of the cabin. "You, Moonshine devil, you!"

"That's me," politely responded the Moonshine, through one of the cracks in the door. "What do you want?"

"We want you," was the reply.
"How will you have me?—on the half-shell or fried?"

"If you know what's good for you, you won't be long at making yourself up."

"You'd make short work of me, though."

"You'd find out soon, anyway."

"Indeed? Won't you say so, though? A diamond pin, a house and lot, with a building under the porch, or a trunk full of trade-dollars, for instance?"

"Curse your impudence, you imp of Satan!" said the voice, angrily. "I'll teach you to laugh at me."

"I don't need any teaching for that. You're funnier than a circus, monkey-wagon, and all. You've

And Mike smiled so audaciously that the very roof trembled as it echoed his lusty "Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you'll take my advice," remarked another of the police party, "you'll surrender quietly. The jig's up, and you can't escape us, you know."

"I'm willing to try, anyhow."

"Then begin by trying this."

And the sharp crack of a rifle rang out on the night air.

CHAPTER LXIV.

A SIGN AND A VICTORY.

MIKE'S quick eye had caught the movement the fellow made in raising his weapon, however.

Leaping aside, the bullet came through the very aperture he had been using to speak from, and buried itself in the earth.

His comrades were fired, but the balls rattled harmlessly against the door.

"Now it's my turn," calmly remarked Mike, who had discovered a loophole in the shutter which closed the window with which the cabin was blessed, and which opened on the side by which his enemies had approached. "You gentlemen were in such a hurry that you haven't given me a chance to thank you, and I don't want to be thought ungrateful."

He had taken up his rifle from the corner where he had leaned it and removed the cartridge shell.

Now he uttered an exclamation of dismay.

After removing the exploded cartridge from the butt of his rifle, he discovered, to his horror, that he had put his hand in the side-pocket of his coat where he carried the spare charges.

Only, however, to discover that there was not a single one there.

The joining and awing of his rapid flight down the mountain had shaken the cartridges out, and his weapon was useless.

His emotion was only momentary, however. He still had a heavy seven-shooter.

Leaping to the window, he sent a shot among the bunch of men as they threw themselves in a body against the door.

A cry of pain told him that his bullet had found a mark.

He dispatched another messenger of destruction with a similarly encouraging effect.

The assailants, however, continued their assault on the door, and the bar which secured it began to crack so seriously that Mike judged it best to roll one of the whiskey-casks off.

As he did so, one of the assailants cried: "Once more, and in the go!"

There was a tremendous crash as half a dozen sturdy figures hurled themselves against the over-stuffed plank, and the bar snapped.

But for the opportune support of the barrel, the door would inevitably have fallen in.

As it was, the upper hinge, corroded with rust, parted, and the door began to totter, revealing through the widening aperture the figures of the enemy.

Sending another shot among them, Mike leaped to the door and sprang out, his bar and all.

"I may give 'em the slip this way," he thought. "It's a slim chance, but better than none at all."

It was too late for escape by that road, however. As he stepped out, he saw that the door had closed, and the other door gave way so suddenly that the men outside dashed headlong into the hut.

At the sight of the roll of the fugitive, whom he struck by the ankle and held on his revolver.

Fortunately, the assailant retained his hold on his revolver.

Thrusting the muzzle against the assailant's face, he drew the trigger.

The upper part of the man's head was blown to pieces.

The same time a shriek of the most dreadful and agonized character rent the air.

Brimstone, as the assailants rolled pell-mell into the cabin, was among them and setred one by the back of the neck with his teeth as a terror dose a rat.

For an instant the man struggled, but the mule kicked him down.

Shaking him furiously, he closed his powerful jaws upon his neck until he actually crushed his spine.

It was the tortured shriek of this unfortunate that Mike heard.

"Death and fire!" yelled one who seemed to be a captain of the officers, as the others fell back in horror-struck confusion.

Then the yellow nigger, with his eyes and blood-dripping jaws in the middle of the cabin, "will you let yourselves be beat by a canine brute like that?"

"Unless he takes care of you first," shouted Mike, who had gained his feet. "And he'll try."

Trusting Mike to take care of the matter, he leaped on the back-door and buried it at the officer's head.

The man dodged, and the missile struck another braggart in the stomach, sending him to the earth, doubled up and yelling with pain.

With an oath of resentment his comrades made a rush for the boy, who vaulted on Brimstone's back and urged him among them.

The conflict which followed was an indescribable one.

The mule, who was renowned through all the country round as one of the most vicious and dangerous animals that ever lived, obeying only Mike, who had brought him up from a cold, seemed transformed into a veritable demon.

With flaming eyes, nostrils from which fine threads of blood trickled, and ferociously gleaming teeth, he plunged among the officers.

Bringing down a kicking right and left like mad, fling the air with the piercing and unnatural cries his species utter when enraged, all opposition went down before him.

Mike, on his part, after emptying the last chamber of his revolver, struck furious blows about him with the heavy butt.

When the door was broken down the whiskey cask which defended it had been smashed, and the liquor had run out over the floor of the cabin.

Now the head of the second cask was in some way, getting a portion of its contents slopped out and joined the other.

Unable to filter through the beaten earth which formed the floor of the hut, the liquor collected all about in puddles.

Mike had passed by the half dozen remaining chances, noticed this, and his quick wit suggested a means of defence.

At a moment when the ferocious exertions of Brimstone had temporarily beaten the assailants back, the boy drew a handful of matches from his pocket and ignited them all together on the fire iron.

Then he urged the mule toward the back door, throwing the blazing matches behind him as he did so.

One man, the leader of the assailants, barred the way to freedom.

Brimstone, rushing at the doorway with his master clinging to his neck, upon this single opponent his irresistible onset, and the fellow rolled in the dust of the floor.

The burning matches had fallen, as Mike had intended, in coils of the puddles of whiskey, and the fire spread from one pool to another with such rapidity that before the people inside could gain the open air the flames had reached the cask.

Then came a tremendous explosion.

The roof of the hut was blown off, the walls were torn apart, and a fountain of blazing spirits sprang high in air, and fell in a rain of blue fire, while the night-wind echoed a dreadful chorus of agonized and despairing cries.

It was those people which had attracted the attention of the Mystic Three on emerging from the old mine.

For a second, as the walls fell, Mike could see through the bird and leaping flames the writhing and distorted figures of his late assailants, squirming and screaming in a sea of molten fire.

Then a suffocating and dense black smoke settled over the scene, as if to veil its horror, and a sickening reek of burning flesh began to pervade the air.

"It was a high price to pay for freedom," muttered the boy, who had halted just out of reach of the shower of fire with a shudder. "But it was their lives or mine. They started out to treat me and got roasted themselves."

"And you shall join them, gaffer you!" cried a voice close behind him, "as sure as my name's Jack Magee."

With a quick pressure of his knee our hero, whose head had almost been constructed a man, whom he recognized at once.

It was the leader of his enemies, and the only one who had escaped the fate of his late assailants, the man whom Brimstone had thrown down his rush from the cabin.

Now pale and determined, he barred the fugitive's way, and as he stretched out one hand to grasp the halter, which served as a bridle for the mule, he grasped a formidable revolver at the other's breast with the other.

"You're trapped at last, you young villain," he said. "Put up your hands, or by the powers of war I'll blow a tunnel through you!"

"No, no, no, you ain't shot a voice behind him. "Cover him well, boys."

And three figures appeared in the light of the burning cabin, each with a rifle leveled on Moonshine Mike's face.

CHAPTER XLV.

SLEEPING A SHUFFLE.

THE situation was what the newspapers would call a dramatic one.

Mike, poised on the mule's back in an attitude of defiance, was confronting the revenue officer, whose leveled pistol was pointed at the young Moonshine devil.

The three figures which had so suddenly come upon the scene stood with their rifles at an aim, and directed upon the person of the official.

Before the latter had time to realize the situation, a voice rang out, sternly.

It was that of Simon Wainwright Pugsley. "Drop that pistol!" he shouted, "or we'll make a bad mine of you!"

The officer glanced from one to another of the three new-comers.

Then, becoming discreet the better part of valor, on this occasion at least, solemnly obeyed.

"Now, put your hands behind you," continued Sim, still covering him with his rifle.

"And be quick about it," added Haskallah Snick.

"You tend to him, Gid," said Sim. "So that he can't get away."

"All right, moonshine," replied that hardy mariner; "he's my meat."

And he approached the captive, who, after a sudden glance around, remained quite motionless.

Mike, meanwhile, had remained a silent and surprised spectator of the proceedings of his unknown rivals.

Now, addressing himself to him, Gid said: "Have you got a lot of rope?"

"I have that," replied Mike, briskly, producing the desired article.

"Then take a hitch on this land-pirate that he won't slip in a hurry."

And Gid proceeded to tie the revenue man's hands behind him in what he called "man-of-war fashion."

"Now, then," said Sim. "We may as well introduce ourselves: what's your name?"

"Mike Morgan," said the rider of the mule, coolly. "What's yours?"

"Mike's Pugsley—Simon Wainwright Pugsley."

"Gid's Puggy the Great, for short," added Gid. "And this," continued Sim, "is Captain Gideon Goble."

"Is 'Captain Gideon Goble'?"

"Well, I hope I may die if your names ain't a good lot."

"Why?"

"Because they're queer ones. But what is all creation are you doing in these parts?"

"Getting you out of a hole, for one thing."

"Is that all?"

"Oh, no."

"What's the rest?"

"Well, we're just traveling for our health."

"Is that very healthy for you, then," snarled the officer.

"And why so, my gentle captive?"

"Because it was. I'll have you all in the jug, as sure as a gun, before you're a week older."

"Don't trouble yourself, my intelligent friend," said Sim. "It looks to me as if you were the likest candidate for a jail-house crowd."

"The Moonshiners, to be sure."
 "Follows," said Sim, gravely, turning to his comrade, "this fellow's crazy."
 "As a March hare."
 "Yes, or a June grasshopper."
 "Well, moonshiner," said Gid, addressing Mike, "what shall we do with him?"
 "You'd better tie him to a tree, and leave him here."
 "And what'll become of him?"
 "Oh, if the catamounts don't happen along and eat him in the course of the night, he'll be here in the morning."
 "And then?"
 "Somebody'll come along and turn him loose."
 "Just as you say, moonshiner," replied Gid.
 And seizing his prisoner and dragging him to a tree that stood close by, he proceeded to secure him firmly to its trunk.
 "Now, then, chums," said Mike, who had watched this operation with great satisfaction, "if you don't mind, I think we'd better get out of this."
 "We're perfectly agreeable; but where shall we go?"
 "Come right along to my cabin, and make yourselves at home. You can tell me all about yourselves when we get there."
 "Can we get anything to eat when we get there?" inquired Gid Goble, anxiously.
 "All you can hold."
 "Thunder!" remarked Hack, doubtfully, "you must keep an everlasting stock of food if you can fill Gid up."
 "I'll try, anyway," replied Mike, with a laugh.
 "What do you say? Will you come?"
 "I'm your huckleberry," exclaimed Sim.
 "And I'm right of the same bush," said Hack.
 "No, too," added Mike.
 "Then we'll be off at once," replied Mike. "To tell you the truth, this ain't any too safe a quarter for me to linger in, for my friend here has got another party out, and they might drop on us at any minute."
 As Mike spoke he pointed to the revenue officer, who was gnashing his teeth with rage, but otherwise preserving a sullen silence.
 "Make sail on a wind, then, shipmate," said Gid, "and we'll steer in your wake."
 And accordingly they started.
 Mike led the way by a tortuous and difficult path, which seemed as easy and familiar to him as if it were a turnpike road.
 The Mystic Three kept close at Brimstone's heels, and although that wily brute would, under ordinary circumstances, have resented such familiarity, he was now as meek as a lamb.
 "The sagacious animal had readily divined the fact that the Devastators were his master's friends, and was, therefore, as gentle as a lamb."
 "I say, fellows," remarked Sim, in a low voice, as they tramped along, "this is the loveliest mule we've struck yet."
 "He's an angel," replied Hack, confidently.
 "He's," said Mike, smiling, "he certainly is one kind of an angel."
 "And what kind is that?"
 "An angel of destruction."
 And Brimstone wagged his ears, as if he fully coincided with his master's opinion.

CHAPTER XLV.

BRIMSTONE AGAIN MONTICOMME HIMSELF.
 THE Moonshiner, mounted on his faithful steed, led the way down the mountain, the Mystic Three marching by his side.
 After fording a shallow stream, the party found themselves in a valley where herds of cattle were grazing about, while flocks of crows flew overhead.
 To say that Moonshine Mike was interested in the adventures his new acquaintances related to him would but feebly express his sentiments.
 He was enchanted.
 As year after year was poured into his listening ear, he paid less attention to the course he was pursuing.
 The consequence was that Brimstone had his road to choose for himself.
 And being an animal of great independence of character, he did not hesitate to do so.
 After following the beaten track for some time he got tired of that monotonous species of travel.
 The result was that he turned out of the main road into a leafy lane, where blooming laurel branches formed a canopy overhead, and the sweet scent of the wild honeysuckle filled the air, and stopped at a fence for his rider to let down the bars.
 "What's this place?" demanded Simon Walsingham Puckley, as they came to a halt. "Do you live here?"
 "No!" exclaimed Mike, starting. "No. But somebody else does. Brimstone knows the road, and as he has got us this far we may as well go further."
 "Where to?"
 "To call on a lady. Let down the bars, will



A BOY WHO PLAYED HIGHWAYMAN, AND THE STAGE DRIVER WHO THOUGHT HE WAS IN HARMONY.

you!" Before any one could reply a woman's wild shriek rang out.
 It proceeded from behind a substantial farmhouse, with high gables and a huge stone chimney, which stood some twenty yards from the gate.
 "What was that?" exclaimed the Devastators.
 "It was Hattie's voice, by Jingo!" exclaimed Mike.
 "Follow me,"
 And he leaped from the saddle and swung himself over the fence, without waiting for the bars to be let down.
 The others followed his example, and dashed around the house at break-neck speed.
 "Help! help!" called the voice again, in the shrill accents of despair.
 "You'll yell yourself hoarse, my darling," said a man's voice, cheerily. "Take my advice and do not waste your wind."
 "Let me go!" cried the woman. "Unhand me, Ralph Remmon, or—"
 "How charming you are when your mad is up!" interrupted the man. "Lovely as a little tigress! Positively, I must have another kiss."
 "Kiss the earth, then!" thundered a voice behind the speaker, who had twisted his arm about the waist of a very pretty girlish figure, which furiously resisted his attempts to capture a kiss, and Moonshine Mike seized him by the collar and dragged him from his hold on his prey.
 The fellow was an ugly young man of seventeen or eighteen, in the rough dress of the mountains.
 Grinding his teeth in a paroxysm of rage, he rolled back and laid his hand on the knife in his belt, while the girl, a lovely little brunette of his own age, threw herself into Mike's arms, uttering a cry of joy.
 "Oh, Mike," she exclaimed, "you came just in time."
 "Mike!" screamed her discomfited assailant.
 "Death and fury! It is that demon of a Moonshiner again!"
 "At your service," said the person addressed, with an ironical bow. "Ready to give you any-

thing from a horsewhipping down to the kicking that you deserve."
 An evil smile lighted the face of the other.
 "Go on," he muttered; "you'll be at the end of your rope soon, and that rope a halter."
 "How long has this bound been here?" demanded Mike of the girl.
 "What has he been trying to do to you?"
 "Never mind, now, Mike."
 "But I do mind."
 "You're tolerably curious about now, ain't you?" sneered the other.
 "I generally am when I see you."
 "And why?"
 "Because I know there's some devilry on foot."
 "Indeed?"
 "And I generally like to find out what it is."
 "Then just for politeness sake, I'll tell you I wasn't trying to do anything."
 "You lie!"
 "Same to you. I was doing it."
 "And what was it?"
 "Only kissing her."
 "You false hound, if I thought you had been I'd strangle you!"
 "Ask her if I lie. Ask her if she didn't give me one of the nicest, sweetest, dearest little kisses in the world."
 And the speaker blew a kiss at the girl from his finger-tips.
 With an exclamation of rage, Mike sprang at him.
 The Devastators made a move in the same direction when he waved them back.
 "This is my funeral," he cried. "Let me settle with this fellow myself."
 And turning on the stranger, he continued.
 "You cowardly scoundrel, I'll teach you not to insult a lady again."
 "You don't seem to be in any hurry to commence."
 "Things are not always what they seem."
 And Mike made a blow at his opponent, who fell

back asleep, and drew his knife, crying: "Stand off! I don't want any better gun with you, my buck, than to rip you open."
 "Don't you!"
 "No, I don't."
 "Are you sure?"
 "I wouldn't trade it for a circus."
 "Then you shall have the chance."
 And sending a heavy stone jar which stood on the bench by the handle, Mike swung it over his head.

It descended like a thunderbolt on the ruffian's head.
 At the same time Mike knocked the knife aside with his left hand.
 The jar was shattered by the violence of its blow, its contents, in the shape of half a gallon of molasses, streamed over the ruffian's face, and mingled with the cuts which the jagged fragments had made.

Staggering under the assault, the wretch uttered a roar of pain, and dashed blindly at his assailant.

Mike avoided him, however, kicking an empty basket in his way, as he did so.

He tripped over it, and fell headlong into a stand of beeches that was erected in the middle of the little garden into which the house door opened.

The stand gave way with a crash, and the stranger rolled among the upturned beeches.

That which is generally happens under similar circumstances occurred now.

The enraged bees abandoned their invaded habitation, and descended on the intruder in a swarm.

The air was black with them, and as they drove their stings into his molasses-besmeared visage, the ruffian shrieked with anguish.

There was something so ridiculous in his situation, that Mike and the Mystic Three fairly roared with laughter.

This, combined with the pain inflicted by his furious little winged enemies, rendered the victim's madmen.

He managed to gain his feet at last, but his best efforts were required to drive off the bees, which were additionally attracted to him by the sweet fluid with which his face was beset.

He staggered about, fending the air with curses as he waved his arms frantically to drive them away with pain and stamping the ground like one demoralized.

Finally he ran for the gate, dashing blindly forward, followed by a long cloud of bees, buzzing like a sawmill in full blast.

Unfortunately for the fugitive his ill-luck made him run plump against Brimstone.

That gentle quadruped was treating himself to a fine young cabbage, one of a number planted in the door-yard.

Naturally incensed at being interrupted in his feast, the yellow mule did what might have been expected of him.

That is to say, he whirled around swiftly, and planting his forefeet firmly, delivered with the rear appendages a kick which caught his disturber fairly in the broadest portion of his anatomy.

Like a bomb from a mortar, the now thoroughly miserable body rose in the air, describing a circle of irreproachable symmetry.

When he descended it was only to fall into a deep well alongside of the gate.

Having thus expressed his disapprobation and revenged himself, Brimstone quietly continued to demolish the cabbage-leaves.

(To be continued.)

The Mystic Three was accompanied by No. 217.

A BOY WHO PLAYED HIGHWAYMAN.

LITTLE less than a year ago the Cloverdale (Sonoma County, Cal.) stage was repeatedly halted and assailed, to the infinite disgust of drivers and passengers, and the precise finally became so tantalizing as to rouse the ire of that enlightened community. At last the robbers were captured and jailed; a calm succeeded, and the people once more ventured out after dark. The social calm precluded a storm that was to destroy the peace of the whole county.

It was eight o'clock one drizzling night in the latter part of last month, when the Cloverdale stage, driven by the valiant Doc Curtis, reached a point on the road within four miles of Healdsburg. The passengers, unsuspecting danger, chatted merrily to beguile the monotony of the rough ride, and rejoiced at the prospect of a safe and speedy arrival at the station; and the railroad driver, a devil-may-care sort of fellow, who was believed to fear nothing if human shape, occasionally mingled in the conversation with his rich bass voice, or cracked his whip with grim humor by way of emphasis to the denouncement of some thrilling episode of late recent California. Suddenly a figure appeared by the roadside, and in advance of the team, and from it came the sharp command: "Halt!"



BREAKING IN A POLICEMAN.—THE NEW POLICEMAN ADMINISTERS SUMMARY PUNISHMENT TO A CRIMINAL.



BREAKING IN A POLICEMAN.—THE NEW OFFICER'S UNLUCKY CHASE OF AN ESCAPING PRISONER.

The driver halted and awaited in silence the next order, for he saw that the figure was that of an animate being, and it carried a weapon of awful aspect.

"There out that box!" was the next mandate from the unknown highwayman, and the knight of the whip, emboldened by his successful escape from harm hitherto, again obeyed. "Drive on," was the final order from the roadside, and in a moment the stage rattled away under the guidance of him whose peculiar coolness of demeanor on this most trying occasion was afterward the subject of general comment.

That night a lad of some thirteen years, who was a homeless wanderer, struggled along the road, and was within ten miles of Haddonbury when he heard the stage coming along toward the town. He heard the driver loathe his defiance of road agents and the like, and thought, "It is a spirit of boyish mischief to put the owners of Haddonbury to test. He acted a part from an act of law, leveled it at the stage, and brought about the result described above. He really cared so little for the box that he gave it a vigorous shake to satisfy himself that it contained ready coin, and then carefully tossed it into the bushes. The remainder of the night he lay in an old shed by the road, and next day trudged along to the terminus of the local railroad in pursuit of work, and finding operations suspended on account of the rainy weather, once more started on a tramp, and ultimately reached Whipple's ranch.

Two days afterward he related this stage incident to a colored companion, and was soon afterward lodged in jail on the charge of robbery on the highway. "Wasn't the boy?" No answer. "Then," said the colored companion, "let him be condemned for his heinous crime." The irresponsible lad was convicted and sentenced to one year's confinement in the State prison, and in a few days he had done the work of a convict, and was thrown into the society of the most hardened criminals in the land.

Let this be a warning to any bright young fellows who have an idea of going on the road.

BREAKING-IN A POLICEMAN.

A PARTY of Sacramento (Cal.) policemen were narrating their experiences one night, when one of their number took to their ears a short chapter of his troubles.

"It was about eight or nine years ago when I first commenced being a special. I was anxious to do my 'whole duty,' but scarcely knew what it was. I had to be told sometimes. We were on a regular on patrol much the same beat I was on, and, of course, I used to hunt him up at night and go around with him to get an insight into the business. About that time the Chinamen had a mania for stealing potatoes, and there was scarcely a night but they would cut open sacks and fill their pockets. One night Dick and I caught two of them in the act, and they probably had twenty or thirty pounds of the potatoes in their pockets. I was for taking them to the station-house, but Dick said it was almost too far to go on a rainy night like that—it was winter, cold and wet. He said:

"We don't take 'em down very often now, because if we do they'll get up in court in the morning and make a poor case, say they were starving, and the judge will let them go. We regulate know a better trick than that. When we catch a Chinaman stealing potatoes, we just give him a smack on the nose. He's the best thing in the world; they never come around again on that day."

"I was green, you know, and Dick talked without so much as a hiccup, and he made me think it was all right. So when he said that we would range the two we had caught on the edge of the sidewalk, each take one and see how far we could knock 'em, I felt like a judge going to administer justice, and made up my mind that my man should have as heavy a sentence as I could give him. We stood them up—I think you can see them now—and Dick was to say, 'One, two, three,' and at 'three' we were to let fly. I got a good brace, and when Dick gave the word I hit the poor Chinaman smack on the nose, making him turn a complete somersault into the mud. But Dick, cue him, he didn't hit at all. Just as I was going to say if I had been too quick, his man broke and ran, and as he passed I heard Dick yell, 'Catch him, he's got away!'

"I could run mighty well then, and though I had on a big army overcoat, I was gaining on the Chinaman fast, and was almost within reaching distance, when he seemed to see something ahead, and suddenly dropped down. I was too close to him to stop, and you bet I went over him for all that was out. I found out he was stopped for. It was a big pond of water, and I dived into it head first, as though I had started from a spring-board. When I got on I was wet to the skin, my knee was hurt, and my pastabale burst open at the knee. I couldn't see the Chinaman anywhere, and I walked back to ask Dick what became of him, and to say that I was too close to chase him any more, and where should I find Dick but lying on the sidewalk, holding his sides and laughing till the tears came, and he was too weak to stand. I don't believe that doctor advice from him again while he was on the force."

A YOUNG man asked his sweetheart whether she had ever read "Romeo and Juliet." She replied that she had read Romeo, but she did not think she had ever read Juliet.

Young Pickwick's Schooldays.

CHAPTER LVIII.

(Continued from page 308.)

DICK had resolved upon his plan of action. "Here we are," said the voice of Mosey. "You had better go up first, Mr. Milford." "That's all very fine," said Milford, "but how am I to know that these boys ain't woke up?" "You had better go up first, Mosey, to see if it is all right," said Doctor Waddle.

Mosey did not like the suggestion at all. Should the boys awake, he would receive a severe punishment.

But he had no choice. He reluctantly drew himself up by the rope.

On reaching the roof, he announced that the road was clear.

He did not see Dick, who was crouching behind some chimney-pots close to the trap.

"Then I'm coming," said Milford, in a hoarse whisper. "Won't I make them young imps dance? Oh, they'll get it hot from me!"

He began to draw himself up, clinging to the rope like a monkey, and holding his large stick under his arm.

"Fancy old man. Don't believe you are out of the wood," cried Dick.

Milford looked up, saying:

"He says I'm a funny old man!"

Before Mosey could interfere, Dick, with his knife, severed the rope, and Milford fell into the attic with an awful crash.

Milford rose to his feet and shook his fist at Mosey.

"You led me into this 'ere trap, my lad," he cried. "I ought to have known better; but I'll pay you out, and so I promise you: I'll give you something strong for this!"

Milford's melodious voice awoke the rest of the boys, and the garden engine was again brought into

"I now remain for you to make up your minds," said Pickwick, addressing the jury. "Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

The boys jury talked among themselves for a few moments.

They then announced that they had come to a decision.

"What is your verdict?" asked Pickwick.

"We find the prisoner guilty," said the boys.

"It remains for you to decide what punishment he is to have," said the Diddler.

Pickwick looked thoughtfully down at Mosey.

"Prisoner at the bar," he said, "I order you to be tied to the flagstaff, and chastised with knotted handkerchiefs. Furthermore, you will be at the back and call of the other boys, to do all they ask of you."

The first sentence was put into execution without delay. In spite of his struggles, Mosey was tied to the flagstaff.

"Knot your handkerchiefs, my lads!" shouted Pickwick, "and let him have it hot and strong!"

The boys at once obeyed.

Before Mosey was touched he began to howl.

"I'll never do it again, if you let me off this once," he cried.

"You ought to have thought of that before," cried Pickwick, hitting Mosey Morton with his handkerchief.

All the boys danced about Mosey, striking him in their turns.

Morning dawned as he was released from his uncomfortable position.

"Look here," cried Pickwick, "as long as you are up here, we expect you to wait upon us, and you may as well begin by getting our breakfast ready and cleaning the boots."

"I'm not going to clean your boots, and do all the dirty work," returned Mosey; "the Diddler is better fitted for that sort of thing."

"You'll get no breakfast until you obey orders," retorted Pickwick.

Mosey Morton was hungry, and after a time decided to do what he was told.

"I won't go," said the fat boy.

"You won't!" cried Pickwick; "we'll soon see about that."

And he tried to drag the fat boy out of the house. But Swage resisted stoutly.

He liked his quarters.

There was nothing to do, and he could sleep all day undisturbed.

"Come out, I say," cried Pickwick.

"Shan't, I tell you," said the fat boy; "let me alone."

Captain Pickwick called his men together.

They rushed up to the fat boy, and dragged him out by main force.

A rope was passed round the fat boy's waist.

"What are you going to do with me?" he cried.

"You'll soon know," returned his schoolfellows, as they lowered him over the parapet.

"Oh, Lor!" yelled Swage, as he found his legs dangling in the air.

He was rapidly lowered to the ground.

"We must draw him up again!" cried Pickwick, suddenly. "He can't undo the rope."

"I, for one, am not going to have that fat beast up here," cried Dick, angrily.

"I'll settle the matter!" cried the Diddler, and suddenly clutching hold of the rope, he rapidly slid to the ground.

He released the fat boy, who was suitably silent.

The done, he adjusted the rope round his own waist and gave the signal for his friends to draw him up.

"Up I go, boys, like a bird."

But at this moment some one grasped the rope, and laid a detaining hand upon his shoulder.

The Diddler's heart sank.

He gave himself up for lost.

CHAPTER LIX.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

PERHAPS the reader may like to know what had become of Tinkle and Bob Fairlie?

After parting with their schoolfellows they hurried away as fast as their legs could carry them.

They were anxious to make the purchases of food and get back before the doctor.

"Hullo!" cried Bob, suddenly.

He had caught sight of the yellow chaise with the light-blue wheels.

The doctor was returning from his fruitless search after the Diddler.

"What is to be done?" cried Tinkle, who had also seen the doctor's eccentric turn-out.

"Let's hide behind the hedge until they have passed," suggested Bob Fairlie.

"It's our only chance," returned Tinkle. And jumping over a gate, they hastily hid themselves behind the hedge.

Not a moment too soon.

"I tell you, I see them boys a-standing on this very spot," they heard Mosey say, decidedly.

"Nonsense," returned the doctor; "your eyes must have deceived you."

"My eyes deceive me!" cried Mosey. "That be bothered! I'm not a blind old crow like you!"

"Don't address such language to me, sir!" returned the doctor, still more angrily.

"I'll talk to you just as I like, so make the best of it," said Mosey.

"If you go on like this I must request that you vacate this vehicle," said the doctor, still more angrily.

"You may request, but I shan't go," responded Mosey.

"I'm a-going to hop out of this 'ere chaise for a old crow like you!"

"Oh, here's a lark! He, ha!" cried Bob Fairlie, as the yellow chaise rolled away toward the school.

"If they only knew we were here."

Bob Fairlie's merriment was short-lived.

He found himself rudely clutched by the collar, and looking round, found himself face to face with Mosey's late master.

"What are you doing in my field?" cried the farmer.

"We haven't done any harm," returned Bob Fairlie. "We only came in a minute ago to hide from somebody."

"That's nothing to do with me," returned the farmer. "All I know is that you have been trespassing. I give you your choice: Will you have a thrashing or go to the lock-up?"

Bob Fairlie looked at the farmer's stalwart frame and hesitated.

"Come, look sharp!" cried the farmer. "I can't wait here all day."

"I'll take the thrashing," said Bob, thinking of his friends.

"Now, look here," cried the farmer, holding up a switch he was carrying, "you choose a thrashing, and I am going to give it to you."

And again and again, the switch descended on Bob Fairlie's back.

"You just leave him alone," cried Tinkle, who was keeping at a respectful distance from the farmer.

Seeing that he took no notice of this request, Tinkle snatched up a turnip that had tumbled out of a cart and flung it at him.

It struck him fairly on the mouth, and down it he heaved to his feet.

The enraged farmer got up and rushed at Tinkle, who fleetly took to his heels.

Taking advantage of this diversion, Bob followed in the footsteps of his friend.

Away they ran as if for dear life, with the irate farmer at their heels.

He displayed a wonderful amount of agility, jumping over ditches and climbing over gates in his endeavor to overtake the two boys.

The boys began to feel weary, but still the indomitable farmer gave no signs of flagging.



YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS.—TINKLE SNATCHED UP A TURNIP THAT HAD TUMBLED OUT OF THE CART AND FLUNG IT AT HIM. IT STRUCK HIM FAIRLY ON THE MOUTH.

regulation. Milford and the doctor were once more compelled to return.

The fat boy was aroused by the din that was going on around him, and immediately turned his attention to the provisions.

The rest of the boys gathered round Dick, who related what had happened.

"Mosey is a scoundrel," was the universal verdict.

"Let's hold a trial on him," suggested the Diddler.

"Agreed!" cried all the boys.

Mosey Morton was dragged to the flagstaff, and twelve boys were chosen as a jury.

Pickwick acted as my lord judge, and was seated on the top of two huge packing-cases, piled one upon the other.

Bully Mungul acted as the prisoner's counsel, while the Diddler appeared on behalf of the school.

Dick was called as a witness.

His evidence proved Mosey to be a traitor.

Bully Mungul declined to cross-examine him.

Then followed witnesses as to Mosey's attempt to throw Pickwick over the parapet.

"My lord," said the Diddler in his speech for the prosecution, "we have, on undoubted evidence, proved the prisoner guilty."

"We find him, in the first place, trying to throw his schoolfellow over the parapet. In the second, sitting as a sneak."

"It is not necessary for me to say more. I leave the matter in the hands of an intelligent jury. I have no doubt of the issue!"

The Diddler sat down and Bully Mungul rose.

He resolved to do his best for Mosey, not wishing matters to go too far.

"First, please to clean our boots," said Pickwick.

Mosey reluctantly took up the blacking-brushes. He cleaned all the boots until he came to the Diddler's.

Then he stopped.

"What are you waiting for?" asked Pickwick.

"I'm not going to clean the Diddler's boots," said Mosey, decidedly.

"But you must," cried Pickwick.

"I won't," cried Mosey.

His pride revolted against cleaning the Diddler's boots. But pride yielded to the knotted handkerchiefs, and he set to work with a will.

"There you are," he said, sulkily, throwing the boots at the Diddler.

"Much obliged," cried the Diddler; "very nicely done—your honor. Get your living at this sort of thing in time."

"Now for the breakfast," said Pickwick. "Go to the store-house and bring out our provisions."

Mosey slowly obeyed.

He came out quicker than he went in, but empty handed.

"What's up?" asked Pickwick, looking at his puzzled face.

"Come and see," returned Mosey.

The two boys entered the house together.

"Hullo!" shouted Pickwick, in dismay.

The huge basket which had held their stores was nearly empty.

Pickwick looked round, and caught sight of the fat boy, who was calmly reposing on his back and snoring most melodiously.

"You nasty, greedy grubber," cried the Diddler, who had entered unobserved.

He went up to the fat boy and shook him violently.

"What's the matter?" asked Swage, sitting up and musing his huge knees.

"Matter enough," cried Pickwick. "What have you done with the best part of our grub?"

The fat boy returned no answer.

He looked vacantly into space.

"Let's bundle him down to the doctor," cried Pickwick, angrily.

"He is as obstinate as a mule," cried Tinkle; "and he will have us in the end, see if he doesn't!"

"Not he," returned Bob Fairitt; "he'll turn it up before we do."

"Glad you think so—I don't," returned Tinkle, glancing back at the bushes. "He'll turn it up before we do."

That personage was rather blown, but he looked very determined.

"You boys won't sit down for a week when I've had my way with you," he yelled.

Tinkle looked thoughtful.

"I say, Bob," he cried, "what's the use of keeping to these fields? Let's take to the woods. It won't be so easy for him to keep up with us there."

"All right," returned Bob Fairitt.

The two boys immediately made for the wood.

The farmer followed them, giving utterance to loud threats of vengeance.

"You'll be the sorest boy I ever see afore I've done with you," he cried.

The boys thought their troubles ended when they reached the wood.

But the indefatigable farmer came on, pushing his way through the bushes which obstructed his passage.

At last he caught his foot in the root of a tree. This caused him to fall headlong to the ground.

"Now is our time," cried Tinkle. "Let's make the most of it."

The boys urged themselves on to further exertion.

Dashing through some bushes, they found the earth suddenly gave way, and down, down, down they tumbled, clinking vainly at the bushes as they went.

They had fallen into a sand-pit.

A party of gypsies were sitting round a pot which was suspended by sticks over a bright fire, and they were congratulating themselves on the good meal that was in store for them when Tinkle and Fairitt came rolling down upon them, overturning their savory stew.

The male gypsies gave a cry of rage as their pot was overturned.

But the women ran away, greatly startled at the singular and unexpected appearance of the two boys, who seemed to have dropped upon them from the clouds.

Tinkle and Bob Fairitt were dragged to their feet by the gypsies, who crowded round them with fierce and angry gestures.

The two boys were taken before one who appeared to be the chief.

He was a tall and powerful man.

"What want the young boys to do here?" he cried; "and why did they come to such a rude and unexpected manner? Do they mean it as an insult to our tribe?"

"Likely, isn't it, that we should try that on with such a big chap as you?" said Bob Fairitt, boldly.

"You have got a quick tongue, boy," said the tall gypsy, with a frown.

He looked round at his comrades.

"What shall we do with these bold intruders?" he asked.

"Put a stone round their necks and pitch them into the pond," returned his comrades, looking angrily at the two boys.

Tinkle and Bob Fairitt felt their hearts sinking into their boots.

They devoutly wished they had fallen into the hands of the Indians.

"You young boys," cried the chief, "you have made a bad mistake. He would, at all events, have let them off with a severe chastisement."

"Stop!" cried one of the women, coming forward; "perhaps the young boys are doctors. Have money, a d will you pay for the damage done."

Tinkle felt strongly tempted to produce the bank-note.

"Well, what do you say?" asked the tall gypsy.

"I have no money," returned Tinkle, firmly.

He spoke truly.

He had only the Diddie's note, and he had over come the temptation to part with that.

The tall gypsy turned to Bob Fairitt.

"Ask you."

"I haven't a penny," returned Bob, stoutly; "I wish I had."

"Away with them!" cried the gypsy, turning on his heel.

The two boys were dragged toward a dark and stagnant pool.

"Do you mean to murder us?" cried Tinkle, struggling violently.

The gypsies returned no answer, but violently pushed the boys toward the pool.

Suddenly Bob Fairitt gave a joyful cry.

He remembered that Fuzion had entrusted him with all a sovereign to expend in the village.

"Better risk that than risk life!" he thought.

And he held it out to the gypsies.

Their faces cleared, and they even condescended to smile.

The tall gypsy advanced.

His followers exhibited the coin.

"That is well," he said, looking toward the boys.

"May we go now?" cried Bob, almost too eagerly.

"We have frightened you," said the tall gypsy; "but it was only our law."

"We were not frightened," cried Bob Fairitt; his pride was up in arms.

"Prove it by remaining to partake of our humble fare," said the tall gypsy.

The two boys exchanged glances.

They saw they had no choice in the matter.

For some reason the tall gypsy wished to detain them.

"If you wish it we will stay," said Bob Fairitt.

The women were busily engaged in replenishing the fire, and preparing another supper.

Some of Middle's master's fowls are going into that pot," whispered Bob to Tinkle; "but it is no business of ours."

They had come to the conclusion that the tall gypsy regarded having treated them so roughly, and wished to atone for it by giving them a good supper.

"It won't be half bad," said Bob Fairitt, smacking his lips as he watched the preparations for the meal.

"Not it," said Bob.

He little thought how eagerly his answer had been waited for.

The tall gypsy was about to say more, when some of his people approached.

"The fire is ready," he immediately said.

The two boys crowded each other by the hand. They were terribly frightened.

Still nearer came the heavy footstep.

Suddenly Tinkle felt a hand upon his shoulder.

He turned and beheld not the frowning face of the heavy-eyed man, but the elongated visage of Daniel Wellstone. The two boys sprang to their feet with a cry of relief.

"Thank some one some!" said Wellstone, putting his finger on his lips.

Scarcely had Wellstone uttered these words, when a figure dashed by the tree beneath which they were standing.

They recognized the heavy-eyed man, but it was evident he had not seen them.

"How did you come here, Wellstone?" asked Tinkle.

"No time to ask questions," returned Daniel. "Follow me."

Tinkle and Bob Fairitt immediately obeyed.

Daniel led them away in an opposite direction to that taken by the heavy-eyed man.

It was not until they had walked half a mile that Daniel Wellstone broke the silence.

"I suppose you guessed who knocked that pistol up?" he observed.

"You did," said Tinkle.

"I did," said Daniel; "but I don't know that there's popgun up in the air," returned Wellstone.

"Then you saved my life," cried Tinkle.

"I'm quite sure," returned Wellstone; "I don't think he meant to put you off."

"You must have some reason for saying that," said Tinkle; "why did you interfere, if you thought he meant to harm?"

"Because I don't like to see people playing with firearms," returned Daniel Wellstone, evasively.

"Whether he meant to or not, I shall tell the story when I get the chance," cried Tinkle.

"Don't call me as a witness," said Daniel Wellstone.

"Why not?" asked Tinkle.

"Because I won't give evidence."

"You won't?"

"No," returned Tinkle.

Tinkle looked at him.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"What I say," returned Daniel; "I've been through a good deal of these gypsies, and I ain't a-going to turn on 'em. It would be more than my life is worth."

"What did Tom Ely want with the gypsies?" asked Tinkle.

"Do you think they intended murdering?"

"Ask him," returned Wellstone.

Tinkle glanced over his shoulder with a shiver.

"He's over there," said Tinkle.

"You won't go home to-night, will you?" asked Daniel, when the boys had told him about the barometer.

"We shan't go home until we get the grub," returned Tinkle; "we shall have to squat under a tree all night."

"Not quite so bad as that," cried Wellstone; "I'll take you down to my place."

Tinkle and Bob Fairitt were very too glad to accept of the offer.

He led the way down the winding path, and welcomed them to his humble abode.

The boys stretched themselves upon some straw.

He had snared a half that day, and was able to give them some supper.

"I wonder how Pickwick and the rest are getting on," observed Tinkle, as they lay down.

"Oh, they are all right enough," said Tinkle.

"You're a sure to talk on their feet," said Tinkle.

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"Oh, I don't remember," good-naturedly answered Dan. "I believe, after the first month, I never hesitated, but ate both beef and mutton with a relish. You are quite right, Mr. Smith; our people will take to animal food last enough."

They sat up late, chatting about their experiences in Japan, and were vastly amused with their new friend's comical talk.

The next morning Smith dismissed his hope, and accompanied them, observing:

"Van I first heard of you, Mr. Brackett, I felt all I wanted was to see satisfaction. You're a awful funny cove."

For the next few days their route lay along fields shaded with mulberry-trees, and at night they roamed it in the houses of the silk-cultivators.

Smith knew everything, and notwithstanding his somewhat arrogant tone, was very popular with the people.

At last, one evening, they arrived at Nemmeton, a level range of grass land on the borders of Mino and Suizan.

"I forgot to tell you that I am married to a Japanese lady," said the latter, as they entered his dwelling.

"Mrs. Smith speaks English like a saint," they followed him into the principal parlor of the house, and were presented to a small, dressed young man, who, bowing in foreign fashion, said: "How do you do?"

They could not avoid smiling, eagerly, the lady having the same comical way of talking as her husband; however, she proved a most kind hostess, and upon finding her guests understood Japanese, conversed with them in that language.

After enjoying a warm bath, they assembled in a smaller room, furnished in the English style, with chairs and tables.

On taking their seats, Smith raised a cover from a big dish, and exhibited a pile of broiled mutton-chops.

"Chums ate heartily, and their enjoyment evidently delighted their entertainers."

"Just fancy!" he remarked. "A week ago I was hurrying my mutton-chops, in order that I might come and dine with you, and now you see how I have my guests."

Johanne had a knack of turning his face into a grin, and he was not slow to do so.

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"Oh, I don't remember," good-naturedly answered Dan. "I believe, after the first month, I never hesitated, but ate both beef and mutton with a relish. You are quite right, Mr. Smith; our people will take to animal food last enough."

They sat up late, chatting about their experiences in Japan, and were vastly amused with their new friend's comical talk.

The next morning Smith dismissed his hope, and accompanied them, observing:

"Van I first heard of you, Mr. Brackett, I felt all I wanted was to see satisfaction. You're a awful funny cove."

For the next few days their route lay along fields shaded with mulberry-trees, and at night they roamed it in the houses of the silk-cultivators.

Smith knew everything, and notwithstanding his somewhat arrogant tone, was very popular with the people.

At last, one evening, they arrived at Nemmeton, a level range of grass land on the borders of Mino and Suizan.

"I forgot to tell you that I am married to a Japanese lady," said the latter, as they entered his dwelling.

"Mrs. Smith speaks English like a saint," they followed him into the principal parlor of the house, and were presented to a small, dressed young man, who, bowing in foreign fashion, said: "How do you do?"

They could not avoid smiling, eagerly, the lady having the same comical way of talking as her husband; however, she proved a most kind hostess, and upon finding her guests understood Japanese, conversed with them in that language.

After enjoying a warm bath, they assembled in a smaller room, furnished in the English style, with chairs and tables.

On taking their seats, Smith raised a cover from a big dish, and exhibited a pile of broiled mutton-chops.

"Chums ate heartily, and their enjoyment evidently delighted their entertainers."

"Just fancy!" he remarked. "A week ago I was hurrying my mutton-chops, in order that I might come and dine with you, and now you see how I have my guests."

Johanne had a knack of turning his face into a grin, and he was not slow to do so.

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smoldering fire in the cavern, and laid plans for the future, while Sam Barton listened, mostly in silence, but occasionally putting in a word or two to temper the extravagance of some of their anticipations.

But he noticed with a smile, which he took pains they should not see, that each one spoke as if it was a settled matter that they should always be together, by "we will do this and so," was the almost invariable form of speech.

Bartie watched the excited countenances and bright eyes of the pair with an inward delight. They were both young, innocent and handsome, and it did his old heart good to see them together. But the night wore on; it had been a busy day for all. It was proposed to set out toward home as soon as daylight came, and he was finally compelled, by pressing need to counsel rest and sleep. So the fire was replenished, the lights trimmed, the firearms looked to and placed in readiness for instant use, should occasion arise, and the three improvised as good resting-places as circumstances would permit, and laid themselves down to slumber.

The night had advanced into the "we were" hours toward morning, one lantern had burnt entirely out, and the other gave forth but a feeble light; the fire had smoldered down to a mere bed of hot ashes, when Katie was aroused from deep sleep by feeling the hot breath of some animal upon her face, and the hair of its great head rubbing against her cheek. Terror rendered her unable to move or to utter a sound; she lay for a moment as if paralyzed. Then the beast placed its forepaw upon her breast, and with a shriek which roused the other sleepers, she strove to rise to her feet. But the animal's weight was so great that it held her down, and the creature uttered a shrill, instead, it uttered a growl that sounded like thunder in the ears of the frightened girl.

Bartie and Philip were both on their feet in an instant and had their weapons in their hands.

The one lantern gave but a feeble light, but it was sufficient for them to see Katie's dreadful situation.

An immense cougar stood over her, switching its tail and growling, much as a cat holds a mouse with its paw, and looks around, muttering and spitting, in fear of its prey may be taken away.

Philip's first impulse was to discharge the contents of his revolver into the animal's body, and he raised his hand to do so, but Bartie cried out:

"Don't fire, you might kill the girl!"

Just then Katie shrieked again, as the creature's horrid head came down close before her eyes, and "Philip, frantic from a reckless of danger to himself, sprang forward with a cry of desperation and caught hold of the beast's hind legs, making a mighty effort to drag it away from the girl's prostrate form.

The cougar, enraged at being thus assailed, whirled round and tried to grasp the boy's arm in its tremendous jaws; but Bartie was watching with a keen eye for a chance to use his rifle, and as it threw its body backward, he fired.

Sam Bartie did not often have to fire at the same object twice; the ball, striking a diagonal course, as the creature twisted itself around, entered the neck and penetrated to the brain.

Boy and cougar rolled to the ground together, and Bartie, not sure which of the two he had killed, yelled out:

"Phil, he's hurt you!"

There was no answer, and the alarmed man sprang forward to see what had happened.

The beast was dead and Philip was insensible.

CHAPTER IX. A FRAIGHT STORM.

THE great effort Philip had made, in the excitement of the moment, to drag the cougar away from Katie, and the shock of the fall to the ground with the heavy animal upon him, had stunned him and rendered him insensible.

Katie, when she heard Bartie's exclamation, was on the point of fainting, but that shook her back to full vitality, and she sprang from her couch and was at his side as soon as Bartie himself.

The bottle of brandy that had been stowed in the woman's pocket now came into use.

She rubbed it on Philip's face and poured a little in his mouth, and within a few minutes he recovered sufficiently to sit up, and view the field of battle.

The fallen enemy lay stretched out upon the cavern floor, a sight that Katie still trembled to see.

In fact, the nerves of all the party were somewhat shaken.

So he suddenly waked from deep slumber to confront such imminent danger as had been to him not calculated to soothe the nerves of even so hardy a pioneer as Sam Bartie.

But after they had calmed the affair over and over, and had inspected the fallen enemy a dozen times or so, they began to think of other matters.

Philip bestirred himself about the fire, and soon had a cheerful blaze. He then proposed that they should prepare breakfast while waiting for daylight. All agreed to this proposition, and soon the odor of broiling quail and roasting prairie-chickens filled the cave.

Philip took it upon himself to prepare the table, which had been easily disarranged during the fracas. Mr. Bartie expected the roasting of the fowl, saying that nobody but an old hunter like himself knew how it should be done, so he squatted before the fire, and with his pointed sticks, whittled out for the occasion, turned it and tended it as it hung suspended by a string in front of the blaze.



PHIL TERRY'S GRIT. THEY DREW BACK THE BOLT, THE DOOR OPENED, AND AN AVALANCHE OF SNOW AND AN INFERRED FORM FELL FORWARD INTO THE ROOM.—SEE PAGE 311.

By the time breakfast was over and everything stowed away in its place the sun was up, and they left the cave to begin their journey homeward.

Doll and Prince Black were found quietly nibbling the dry grass where they had been tethered the evening before. Bartie had brought from the thieves' storehouse a generous feed of corn for them, and when it was disposed of the party set out.

Philip and Bartie rode "turn about," as there were but two horses and three persons, therefore they did not travel very rapidly, and it was pretty near the middle of the day before they reached the cabin.

Mrs. Barton was delighted to see them returned safe, and soon heard the story of Philip's absence, of Katie's escape from the cougar, and lastly, of the wonderful discovery Phil had made which was to better all their fortunes.

"We can build our house and get our land as soon as we please now, mother," said Katie, when the narrative was ended.

"I fear we have no right to accept so much from Philip's generosity," replied her mother.

"We are partners, Mrs. Barton, regular partners, and Katie is going to dig for gold with us, so you need not object to taking your share," declared the discoverer of the treasure.

"It's all in the family, anyhow," remarked Bartie, with a significant glance, first at Katie and then at the young folks.

Katie's mother shook her head at him disapprovingly. She did not wish ideas of love and marriage put into the girl's head yet a while; besides, the two were but children in her eyes.

But as it happened, neither of them saw the drift of the old man's remark, and Philip answered, with perfect frankness: "Why, yes; we all live together, and must share and share alike."

"But I don't think I can let Katie go there again—think what danger she was in last night!" and Mrs. Barton shuddered at the thought of what had happened or to happen.

"Wal, I reckon she kin do her part just as satisfactory an' stay right here to home," said Mr. Bartie, reflectively. "That must be a sharp watch kept hereabouts, for their ain't much short of a thousand dollars worth of the stuff in the house now, an' if we was to be suspicioned, we'd hear visitors that couldn't be made welcome without that was a revolver or two handy, an' somebody by that knowed how to handle 'em."

"Well, then, Katie and I will guard the house while you and Philip are away," assented Mrs. Barton.

And so it was arranged.

"How long will it take you to gather up what gold there is there?" resumed Mrs. Barton.

"Two or three days of steady work, I reckon, will about do it, from what Phil says. Them little nuggets can soon be picked out. But that may be small flakes and grains of the metal all through the place, for all that we know. Eh—that's so, why, we kin work it at it off an' on all winter."

"You know I am anxious to get settled in a home of my own before Winter begins, and it's now November."

"Wal, after we git this little piece of business fixed up, we'll set right to work on your cabin. I'll invite the hull o' Saskatchewan to help, an' we'll be the rockiest spot that ever come off this side o' the Rocky Mountains!"

"What will you build it off?" asked Philip.

"Why, logs, to be sure! Over here on Powder River there's trees as big as any you ever see, I reckon. And back there in them hills—why, didn't you see pine growth? thick as thistles in a fence-corner! An' you set a dozen men to work with their teams, pay 'em for their time, an' give 'em plenty o' good vittles to eat when they git here, an' you'll see a cabin go up about as slick an' as quick as any one ever did it!"

"Well, we won't waste time when once we get at our gold mine! I don't know as I shall allow it to wink to-night; I shall be wishing for morning till it comes and we can set out!"

"The first thing we'll tend to over that, to-morrow, will be that panther. The hide will make a mighty party rug to spread down in the new cabin!"

All the necessary arrangements for a sojourn of several days in the "gold-diggings" were made that afternoon, and early the next morning Philip and his partner, with Doll to carry the luggage, set out on their tramp across the prairie.

It was a gray November morning. Slate-colored clouds lay around the horizon, and gave the world a dreary look, that would have given a person inclined to melancholy a fit of the "blues."

But Philip was too light-hearted, and his mind too fully occupied with the project on foot to give much thought to the weather.

Sam Bartie, however, cast many a uneasy look

round him, and more than once muttered to himself that there was a "thunderation of a storm" evened up to be a "mighty mistake."

Mrs. Barton and Katie, left alone in the cabin, set about their work, and were so busy for the greater part of the morning that they did not take special notice of the sky.

But about ten o'clock the wind rose and swept over the prairie with such force, and the air darkened so suddenly, that they became alarmed and ran to the door to look out upon the clouds and coming storm.

"There will be a tornado, I fear—don't you hear the wind roar?" cried Mrs. Barton, alarmed at the strange appearance of the sky and the force of the wind.

They closed the door and secured it so that it could not be blown open, and then ran to the window and looked toward the mountains.

Nothing could be seen of them; but a great wall of cloud seemed to be approaching with the speed of a whirlwind. The noise of the roaring of the wind increased, and the air suddenly became filled with snow fine as dust, and in such quantity that nothing could be seen a hundred feet distant from where they stood.

The darkness increased until there was but a sort of twilight, and the atmosphere suddenly grew intensely cold. Katie shivered and turned pale as the full fury of the storm swept about the cabin, and catching hold of her mother's arm, she whispered: "Mother, are you afraid?"

"There's no need to be afraid, but Mrs. Barton knew by the motion of her lips what her question had been, and tried to reassure her by a smile.

For an hour they watched the terrible scene, expecting every moment that the roof over their heads would be carried away, and the cabin, perhaps, levelled to the ground.

Then in an instant the wind fell, the air cleared, the distant mountain-tops gleamed in the sun, and the snow-covered prairie glittered.

Katie clasped her hands together and laughed aloud in her admiration of the wonderful transformation that had so suddenly taken place.

But another change was at hand. The sunlight departed as quickly as it came, a gray overcast spread the heavens and hung like a gloomy mantle above the earth, the snow began again to fall, but to larger flakes than before, and there was every indication that a long, steady snow-storm had begun.

"How sorry I am that Mr. Bartie and Philip went away to-day! I shall not be surprised if we find ourselves nearly buried in snow by to-morrow morning!" and Mrs. Barton cast an anxious glance out of the window.

"And what has become of them if they had not reached the cave before this dreadful storm came on?" said Katie.

"They may have found shelter in time. I hope so," was the reply.

The words were more confident than the tone in which they were spoken.

"Oh, why did they go?" cried Katie, in distress.

"Come, come; we must not borrow trouble. It is time we were attending to our own situation. We must go to the stable at once, if we can get there, and turn the horses loose, so that they can get at the hay and help themselves if we can't get to them again; then we must bring in all the wood we can find, for we might have to burn it all if the storm continues long and the cold increases."

Katie was never backward when anything was to be done that required courage and energy.

In a few minutes she was equipped in a warm jacket, overalls, hood and gloves, and with her mother, as well prepared as herself, set forth to make her way to the stable.

The snow had drifted in great heaps, and it required an hour's hard work to accomplish what they had undertaken to do; but finally the horses were attended to, and a good pile of fuel secured indoors. They then removed their wraps, made up a cheerful fire, and after preparing and eating a frugal dinner, sat down near the little window to watch the storm as they worked at some sewing.

Faster and faster fell the snow, higher and higher grew the drifts, for the wind had again begun to blow; colder and colder grew the air that found its way through the cracks and crevices that had remained undecovered during the mild days of autumn, and lower and lower sank the spirits of the two lonely women.

There was not a habitation of any living creature within six miles of them; their two friends were away, and perhaps in peril; wood and provisions were provided but for a few days, and the storm was increasing in fury every hour.

So the dreary afternoon dragged wearily on until about four o'clock. They had crept closer to the stove, and no longer watched the raging storm without, when a heavy thump against the cable-door caused them to spring to their feet. The door was rattled. Should they open it? They called and asked: "Who is there?"

No response.

"Shall we open the door?" whispered Katie.

Mrs. Barton hesitated a moment.

"Yes; we must see what it is."

They drew back the bolt, the door opened, an avalanche of snow and an immense form fell forward into the room.

It was Sam Bartie. His head and shoulders were wrapped in a woolen blanket, and his lower garments frozen stiff upon his limbs.

Mrs. Barton was not an hysterical woman; she never wasted time in exclamations and lamentations, and Katie was like her in that respect.



THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF "TIGER DICK" DRISCO.—"TIGER DICK" RESCUING A BOY FROM AN ESCAPED TIGER.

They drew him forward into the cabin, and then looked out to see if he had arrived alone.

They could see nobody else, so closed the door and went to work to restore him. Mrs. Barton removed the blanket and placed a pillow under his head. Then she engaged to pull the frozen boots from his feet, but found that impossible; so she and Kate went quickly to work and cut them off; they then took snow and rubbed his hands and feet with all their strength.

In a short time he began to mutter and groan and move his limbs; then Mrs. Barton covered him with blankets, and directing Kate to keep on rubbing his feet with her hands, she hastened to make a cup of hot tea, which he was able to swallow a little at a time, about as soon as it was ready for him.

When he was sufficiently recovered to talk, Mrs. Barton begged him to tell her what had happened and where Philip was.

"The Lord only knows what he is," gasped the boy.

"Did you get separated in the storm?"

"I reckon so—I can't remember—ain't he had here?"

"No, no! Is the poor boy out in this storm? But the mind and the body of the poor man were too much exhausted for thinking or speaking, and he sank into a deep sleep without uttering another word."

With heavy hearts they watched and waited for the slumberer to awaken to consciousness, that they might question him again. But hour after hour passed by and he still slept.

Then the whole of that long, dreary night passed away and morning came, cloudless and brilliant, as if to mock the tempest that had spread so cold a mantle over the prairie world.

CHAPTER X. A LONG SEARCH.

WHEN the long sleep of utter exhaustion passed away, and then Bartle was once more conscious of his surroundings, he found a weary-eyed woman and a young girl watching beside him.

They had not slept during the long, cold night. Victims of a youthful form that had so lately glowed with animation, and of a heart but now filled with generous impulses, lying stark and still beneath some cruel snowdrift, had haunted them continually, and driven all thoughts of sleep far away.

They longed to be doing something; it seemed cruel to stay quietly at home and leave him to his fate without making an effort for his rescue.

But what could they do? To venture forth into the storm would be but to sacrifice their own lives in the trackless waste by which they were surrounded, and could not result in any good to him.

But Bartle was now awake, and perhaps he could tell them good news.

"Wal, wimmen, you've been the salvation o' me this time, sartain. Reckon these legs o' mine wouldn't a-been so limber this mornin' if I hadn't a got here just as I did."

And Mr. Bartle managed to totter across the floor to a chair by the fire.

"We did all we could do; but we have been terribly anxious about you. Do you know anything about him, or where he is?"

"No; poor chap! I'm afeared he's buried in the snow long afore this."

"He could surely find shelter somewhere; I won't believe he is dead," cried Kate, vehemently.

"Wal, we was walkin' along, talkin' together about the tiffin we'd had, an' layin' plans what we was goin' to do with it, when all at once we heard a tremendous roarin'."

We stopped an' looked around, and seen what was a-comin'; just a wall of



THE JANITOR'S BOY.—"WHY, HERE ARE ONLY BLANKS," SAID MR. DUNHAM. "HE COULD NOT HAVE MEANT TO POOL YOU." VANOE HAD RISEN TO HIS FEET, AND WAS STARRING, WILDLY, WITH OPEN MOUTH AND EYES.—SEE PAGE 314.

clouds that seemed to be rushin' right down on to us like it was bein' pushed along by a whirlwind. It roared awful, an' the noise and the curious look of things—skirt Doll, an' she jest stood stock still an' trinkled for a minute, then she wheeled round an' struck across the prairie, an' that's the last I seen o' her."

"Wal, the wind seemed ter blow from every pint o' the compass, an' the snow came down so thick an' fine that we couldn't tell what we was, nor why we wanted to go to. I reckoned that we wasn't more'n a two-thirds o' the way to the hills, an' my only hope was that the hurricane would blow itself out 'bout as sudden as it came. I told Phil to stick to me. Seel, if we get separated an' the storm continues, we won't never find each other agin'."

So we jest stood still for a bit, but all at once it seemed like a blast had come over from the North Pole, an' it went through our clothes like needles. We couldn't stand still arter that, an' we struck out purty lively. But the wind was in our faces, an' drove the icy snow in our eyes, and it was in our backs an' drove it down our necks, an', in fact, it was on every side, an' went through our clothing, an' we was so took up fighting our way through it, an' turnin' this way an' that way to get out of it, that 'fore I knowed it we got separated."

I holded, but the wind bellied longer. I couldn't hear my own voice. I jumped an' looked in every direction, but I couldn't see but a few feet ahead o' me, so I wandered round a spell till I concluded it was throwin' time an' strength away tryin' to hunt him up, an' I struck out an' determined to save myself if it could be done."

"Good Lord! how sleepy I got, an' how bad I wanted to lay down an' rest, but I knew I must keep goin', an' keep goin' I did, though I hain't no idee how I got to the cabin."

"I wasn't aimin' for the cabin in particular; I had no sense nor no judgment to go by. He had stumbled along an' found myself here, an' you talks workin' over me, an' that's the last I knowed till this mornin'."

"What can we do about Philip?"

"We can do nothin' at present. Nobody could travel any distance through this snow; but the sun is comin' to shine to-day, an' that will settle it down kinder solid, an' it'll be cold enough to-night to freeze a crust over it, I'll start out bright an' 'art next day an' make w'ch for him."

This was poor consolation for the impatient Kate.

It seemed to her that measures should be taken of once to ascertain Philip's fate, and secure him if he was alive.

But she was obliged to submit to the inevitable. And the life of adventure, peril and hardship that she had lived during the last few months had schooled her to bear with philosophy many things that in other days would have seemed unbearable altogether.

The day proved still and sunny, though far from warm, and the surface of the snow melted rapidly.

As Mr. Bartle hoped, the night proved cold enough to form a crust, though not a hard one. But that difficulty had been provided for. He had employed the previous afternoon in making snowshoes; one pair for himself and another for Philip, if he should be found.

As soon, therefore, as it was fairly daylight, he was ready to begin his search. The extra pair of snowshoes were slung across his back, he was provided with a small supply of food that could easily be carried, and a bottle of brandy was stowed in his inside pocket.

With his trusty rifle upon his shoulder he started across the trackless plain, making his way as nearly as possible over the same route he had traversed the day before. His keen eye swept the prairie with a searching gaze in hopes that the form he wanted to see met him in sight.

He made his way across to the hills, and after incredible exertions, forced his way into the subterranean passage that led to the cave. There was no one there—everything was found just as he had left it a few mornings before with Philip, gay and hopeful, in his company. He searched the "storehouse" out the "storehouse" and became convinced that the lost boy had not found refuge there.

After an hour spent in resting and refreshing himself, he set out once more. He would go around by way of the settlement—Philip might have

wandered away in that direction. It was a weary journey, but on and on he toiled, until, just at nightfall, he reached a shanty that claimed the dignity of a little. It was "The Stranger's Home"—a name altogether too large for the edifice.

(To be continued.)

"Phil Tully's Gift" will commence in No. 62.

Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

MAX H. GUMP.

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 35, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MAX H. GUMP is a distinguished scholar of the graduating class of Grammar School No. 35, Brooklyn, N. Y. He was born in Dayton, Ohio, February 23, 1864, making him fifteen years of age. He is the son of William and Maria Gump. When about seven or eight years of age he began going to school in Dayton, and thus remained for two years. Later he attended other schools in the West and on Long Island, finally entering No. 35, in the second grammar grade. This is his second year in the school, which is justly regarded as one of the best in Brooklyn in both scholarship and discipline.

He has done as much as any other pupil to preserve his reputation in these particulars. When he was called upon to be introduced to us, Mr. Walsh, the Principal, took occasion to speak of him as a pupil of excellent record in every class in which he had studied, and especially in the highest. His passes every examination with great credit. His penmanship is now handsome, and it still improves.

In fact, there is no study that he has not faithfully applied himself to, and with results most satisfactory. He has a pleasant face, with clear, kindly eyes, and self-possessed manner. He is full of ambition, and the energy to make it of some account in the world. Sensible, diligent, and hopeful in his youth, he seems to be modeling himself for a man of strong purpose and positive virtues.

LINTON L. SWINTON.

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 35, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

LINTON L. SWINTON is a fine scholar selected by the representative of the Intermediate Department of Grammar School No. 35, Brooklyn, N. Y. He was born in Brooklyn, May 15th, 1864, and is therefore fifteen years of age. He is the son of William and Kate Swinton. His father is a well-known author of various school-books in present use, and also of other writings. Linton studied at home and attended several schools before entering No. 35, where he began in the first primary grade. He is now in the fourth grammar, and has been selected over two classes by reason of his proficiency in study. He ranks about the same in all the studies, and is much interested in them. He is a boy of force both in will and mind. Impulsiveness and thorough earnestness characterize him at all times. He has a warm heart and brave nature, and much physical endurance. In study he may not be as systematic as some pupils, but he never regards hard work when a task before him. He has a large head and a well-knit body. With boys he is a thorough boy, and they like him for it; and in school he is so frank, so energetic and so successful, that he is not less esteemed there. Young as he is, his character is very marked at this time, and he affords all that either parents or teachers can desire for satisfactory training and development.

"TIGER DICK" DRISCO, THE FAMOUS ANIMAL-TRAINER.

MR. RICHARD H. DRISCO, the best-known, has had a remarkably adventurous career. He is a native of the City of London, having been born there in 1864. His father was a quartermaster on that one of Her Majesty's ships which was under the personal command of Lord Nelson in the battle of Trafalgar, and which was afterward christened Tra-

falgar. It was in this memorable battle that Mr. Drisco's father was disabled for life. He came home and died soon after, and his wife having died before, Richard Drisco, the youngest of the family, was left an orphan at the age of two years. He was naturally of a restless disposition, and when he was fourteen struck out for himself, and started on foot for Liverpool.

In the earlier part of his tramp he fell in with a furious shepherd dog, and it was the affection and care shown by him to this animal that attracted the attention of the naturalist Cross, who persuaded him to return to London as an apprentice to the Royal Zoological Gardens, to learn the business of keeper. He served out his apprenticeship of seven years here, and then went into the employ of Charles Jamrach & Son, who were extensive importers of wild animals, and with him he was long connected. It was during his stay in the animal-yard of these gentlemen that he met with his first serious adventure with a carnivorous beast. It was a female tiger, and his description of the affair is as follows:

"I had orders to go to the Bham lagoon and receive a tiger off of a ship just come in from India, and place it in a cage mounted on wheels and bring it to the animal-yard. On the arrival at the yard we found the cage was very old and rotten. We got the tiger in all safe, however, but in taking the cage off the wagon it slipped, broke, and let the tiger loose in the streets of London. I stepped to one side and let the beast pass by me. Then, what was my horror to see her seize a small boy in her mouth and carry him four blocks along Baitoil highway! Then came the question, 'How are we to catch her and save the boy's life?' At first we were hopeless, but the idea seized me, the only way to do this was to attack and down her with the tiger, and placing a rope on her neck we dragged her home victorious. For this I was always known as 'Tiger Dick,' and my employers gave me a ten-pound note."

"After we got her back to the cage that night, I heard a noise in the yard, and wondered what it was. Presently I heard the watchman cry out, 'The tiger is loose again!' It was very dark at the time, and no lights were handy, and I was kind of afraid to venture out, but went, anyhow. There was the tiger fighting a lion. She had him torn to ribbons, and he was bleeding badly. The head keeper asked, 'Where is Tiger?' He will get her back." When I got out and saw the situation, I armed myself with a heavy rawhide whip and walked to the scene of the battle. I stood firm for him, and fought her back to her cage, leaving the lion to lie there and die. It was one of the hardest fights I ever witnessed as a combat between two animals."

Jamrach & Son afterward sent Mr. Drisco to India with numerous European and American animals as a present to the King of Oude, and he received in return Asiatic wonders. He was nearly six years in India, and secured many valuable and interesting specimens of animal nature. The adventures he had and the observations he made ere, of course, very numerous, and would take long to tell.

Mr. Drisco came to America the first time in 1863 to bring over the elephant Empress. Some years later he was employed to obtain specimens of the orang-outang and chimpanzee for the New York Aquarium. In order to do this, it was necessary for him to go to Central Africa, where, after months of painful, patient endeavor, six young chimpanzees were captured. These he brought to the Island of Borneo to catch an orang. This was infinitely more dangerous and difficult than the last job, and when at last one specimen was captured, he congratulated himself on his good luck and sailed for New York. Moll Tuck was one of the chimpanzees, and Pongo, of course, was the orang that bothered the traveler and the Borneo assistants so to catch him.

When their exhibition closed at Cincinnati, Mr. Drisco, under the employ of the proprietor of the



LINTON L. SWINTON, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 35, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MAX H. GUMP, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 35, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Aquarium, took the animals on a Western and Southern trip. From there, El Paso, St. Louis, Galveston and San Antonio were the chief places visited.

At Dayton, Molly Tuck was unfortunate enough to get hold of a ticket for a soldier from the Soldiers' Home of that city gave her. She immediately put herself outside of it, and was consequently very soon on the outside of a very severe cold, which undermined her constitution, and finally resulted in her death at St. Louis.

In Galveston, the orang managed to escape from the cage one night, in the presence of Mr. Drisco and two other gentlemen. Knowing the danger in which they were placed, there in the presence of the fierce and powerful ape, he quietly requested the gentlemen to keep very still, so as not to excite him, and then slowly crept on him from behind.

He made an effort to get hold of his arms and bring them up behind his back. Had he succeeded in this, the animal would have been powerless; but the muscular and agile fellow was too much for him, and a struggle ensued, in which Mr. Drisco was worsted. He got two bites in the lower part of the right leg, one on his shoulder, and had his clothes literally torn off by him.

The wound in his leg laid him up in Galveston for three months and a half, while the orang was taken from his trip. At St. Louis, Pongo was taken sick from a cold he had caught, for the want of the care of the kind keeper of whom he had deprived himself, and he had to be sent back to New York, where he died, in five weeks, of consumption.

THE JANITOR'S BOY.

A STORY OF NEW YORK.

By WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was not yet ten o'clock when Mr. Dunman, the next morning, walked into the office of Vance & Madderley. The two were at work, but they had nearly finished their job of investigation, and the evidences of Madderley's misconduct had piled up as they went along.

Vance himself had been more than a little astonished to find how completely even he had been deceived.

He had winked at irregularities which had seemed to be for the good of the firm, little thinking that the man who would do one wrong thing was the very man who would be most ready to do another. He was now sitting, with his face in his hands, at his own desk in the inner room, waiting for the arrival of Mr. Dunman.

He scarcely stopped to shake hands or say good-morning before he held out the envelope.

"There it is, Mr. Dunman. Please open it yourself."

"Are you sure it is the same?"

"Absolutely."

"And it has not been opened since it left your hands?"

"The envelope is perfect and clean."

"You do not know the contents?"

"On my word and honor, no."

"Then I will open it. At first I had an idea that we ought to have two or three witnesses, but it is just as well to keep the matter between ourselves."

An ivory paper folder was picked up and the edge of the envelope opened, and the contents were read.

"We will see what's here now. Mr. Madderley would scarcely thank you if he were looking on."

So very cool and so polite and businesslike was Mr. Dunman.

Out came the folded papers.

"What's this, Mr. Vance?"

"What is it, indeed?"

"Why, here are several blanks. He could not have meant to fool you."

Vance had risen to his feet, and was staring, wildly, with open mouth and eyes.

"I have kept the wrong envelope!"

"And you think Madderley got off with the other?"

"That's the one I kept, and the other is gone!"

"How could you have made so terrible a mistake, Vance?"

"Excitement, I suppose, and the haste I was in. This is a better bill to take, Mr. Dunman."

"All the better, now, that we did not call for witnesses. You can rely on me, Mr. Vance."

But to think of Madderley getting the best of us, after all!

"What good will it do him, Mr. Vance? How long will such a fellow as he keep anything?"

"Not long. We had hoped to be able to restore something to the men he has robbed, but I can't do it now. I could even get into business again, I might say, but how can I ever manage to get on my feet?"

There was a despairing tone in the poor fellow's voice, and it seemed to touch Mr. Dunman.

"I will see to it, Mr. Vance. There is to be a meeting of the creditors to-day, and I will attend it. You have turned over everything, and I think I can get them to release you—give you an honorable discharge."

"But even then I shall be penniless, great a thing as that would be for me."

"Never mind, never mind. I like your course. I can put a good run of business in your hands; the day you are a free man. Even before, if there is any day."

"Thank God, if you can! I shall be eternally your debtor. I have a wife and children, Mr. Dunman. Of one thing I am sure—I will never again do such a business as this. There is something dishonest in it, and it's full of all sorts of temptations."

Could it be possible that there were tears in the eyes of such a man as Vance?

Vance, of the late firm of Vance & Madderley, the broker!

It looked like it, and Mr. Dunman squeezed his hand hard as he arose and said:

"I must go, now, Mr. Vance. Keep a stiff upper lip and I'll stand by you."

And he was gone, never to be seen again, but he bowed his head on the desk and sobbed like a child.

There was good in Vance, and a better prospect for his future than had been before in many a long day.

Dunman went to his own office, and there was nobody there but Phil and Nita.

He looked blonder at his private seat and at his own desk for a while.

"Phil," he said, at last, "please make a deposit for me at Blue & Brothers, my private bankers, you know, he cannot, for he's almost all in greenbacks and gold certificates."

Phil took the banker's deposit-book, with its precious contents, and started out.

An hour later Mr. Dunman made a speculative operation in directing through a down-town house, and deposited a couple of United States coupon bonds "as margin," directing them to be sold at the current high prices, and the whole sum passed to his credit as cash.

It was not often that he gave a reason for his conduct, but he did tell those brokers:

"It's my own private business, you know, and I don't care to mix it with Pomeroy & Co.'s."

"Little they cared what his notion were. They knew him to be a safe man to deal with, and one kind of money was as good as another for them."

But how about the honesty of Dunman's conduct, now the envelope was empty and its torn fragments were in the waste-basket?

He had reasoned about that, even after he had moved on his mind to do it.

"The money isn't Vance's; nor Madderley's, nor anybody else's, that I know of. I'll take care of Vance, and he'll be better off, for he would if I let him mix himself up with it. Part of it may be old Mother Bounce's, and I'll see she gets it, some day. I'll borrow it, now, anyhow. Glad Madderley did not get away with it."

Very this, indeed, for such a man as Dunman, he began at the wrong end of the argument.

The first thing to have said, in such a case, was: "This money is not mine; it can't be a cent of it, anyhow. It would burn my fingers if I did."

And the second, not the first, should have been: "But how about the honesty of Dunman's conduct, now the envelope was empty and its torn fragments were in the waste-basket?"

He would have soon discovered a way to do right instead of wrong.

Even the sum recovered had been divided around in little bits, or gone to pay expenses, and so forth, it would have gone where it belonged.

Now it was where it did not belong, and whatever money finds itself in such a fix as this, the chances are two to one that somebody has been a thief.

Not always, for mistakes will happen, and they are generally rectified, if there is honesty in the management of them.

And a thief is a thief, if he has stolen a million.

And there are millionaires in the great city to whom money means more, when they are brave as well as honest, will not speak.

Some that have never been found out!

They know that nobody is looking about that. Twice, that forenoon, Mr. Dunman whistled in vain for Vance, and was compelled to do his errand himself. Why not send Phil or Nita?

Well, perhaps it was because he did not care to mix his private affairs with those of Pomeroy & Co., and then again he may have been just as willing that Phil and Nita should not know too much of what he was doing.

But he had not, as yet, any occasion to send a message up-town to Mr. Squam. He had "borrowed" all he wanted right away from "another party."

Even from Madderley; the forger, for that was one way to look at it. Borrowed without giving security, or paying interest at any rate.

Money obtained in that way is just the kind of money men are apt to risk in daring speculations.

CHAPTER XXX.

It did not take a great while for Vance MacNamara to go over the very plain and simple "books" kept by Sister Garcia.

That was because they consisted almost altogether of accounts of purchases and sales. Everything was bought for cash down, and not a dollar's worth was sold on credit.

Still, every cigar or pipe was put down as having been bought of some one, with the price sold duly noted, and Sister Garcia's book of sales had to show where it had gone to, unless he could produce it for the satisfaction of Mother Bounce.

It was scarcely to be true that she had been badly plundered under such a system as that, but she believed she had, and it was plain that she had made old Spanish money, and that a little afraid of her sharp tongue and her prying eyes.

"She sees everything," he remarked to Vance. "I think she misses a pinch of snuff some day. I don't believe she can do it any more."

Vance saw, on the record of purchases, the names of quite a number of well-known dealers in and manufacturers of tobacco, but he wondered what was about such lots of cigars as he had himself brought from Mrs. Bounce.

He ventured to ask the seller.

"I'll tell you about them. Day is all on deck. Sometimes day come from one place, sometimes from another. She sell me. I put 'em down. I am all I know. I not want to know too much—some of it."

That was about what Vance had been thinking, and he scarcely knew what to make of it.

He was very young, however, and all it looked so well that when he made his appearance at Mother Bounce's, about noon, he brought his two hundred dollars with him.

"I'm to have half the profits," Here's the money."

"Half of 'em. That's the understanding," Vance MacNamara told her.

"I'll give you the whole of it, Mrs. Bounce."

"I'll give you the whole of it, Mrs. Bounce."

"I'll give you the whole of it, Mrs. Bounce."

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"I'll give you the whole of it, Mrs. Bounce."

"I'll give you the whole of it, Mrs. Bounce."

"I'll give you the whole of it, Mrs. Bounce."

"I'll take a copy of Garcia's account of stock," he said to Mr. Bounce, "so it'll be all regular."

"Put his photograph on it, and you want it, and send the old monkey away so that same. Sure as I'll not let the house with that paper, this."

"It'll be all right."

"Now, this, I want you to go to them two dealers in furniture goods, and get the raises they'll have ready for ye."

"They're a long way, both of them."

"The better for that. The goods is Clip's, but they'll take the raises made out in your own name, so ye can take care of the money for 'em while it comes in. It'll not mak ye round-shouldered to bring it home while ye get it."

"Oh, it's for Clip! I'll not errands for her all day long. I meant to come in and read to her, by-and-by."

"She'll be glad to see ye while ye come. Sure as I'll be glad to see ye while ye come."

"You did?"

"Dude did I, an' she listened afore an angel till she squealed with the pain of the laugh I put into her. The darlin'!"

Vandy could believe that.

His mind's eye gave him a vivid picture of old Mother Bounce, sitting in her chair, and the darlin'!

"Lady of the Lake," and he laughed in spite of himself.

"It is makin' my of me ye are, ye young rapscallion! I pore, lone woman! Well, it's me over all that laughed, for the first time in many a long day. What for do men bother themselves with long hair, and such like, but they are dreadfully weary of lying in one position, and the doctor had told her it could not be changed for two or three days."

"My dear, we'll see what we shall see."

"I hope it will be good, doctor."

"I'm sure it will, for I know you'll be quiet, and mind just what ye want."

And Mother Bounce had said to him, before he left:

"Sure as it's a fine pair of legs ye owe her, amongst ye, after all the murderin' work ye've done, all your knives and saws and things. She's an angel, or she'd silver have stood it from ye, glory term or no glory term."

The professional gentleman was pretty well acquainted with Mother Bounce and her ways of speech, and he only laughed as he bade her good-morning.

Vandy had no difficulty in doing his errands, and on his way back he passed by Pomeroy & Co.'s.

There was Mr. Dunman on the step, just for all the world as if he had been waiting for him.

But he did not say so, and he had an errand ready when he came back, so, my I speak to you a moment."

"Certainly, Glad to see you, a favor."

And Vandy, all the way coming and going, thought over the matter very carefully, and wondered just how much he could do.

"Not but what he's a fine man, and all that, but I don't exactly know what to make of him."

When he returned, however, the first person he met was Mr. Pomeroy & Co., was Phil Hawkins, and Phil had something to say.

"Vandy, you know that queer old book-bound party I saw going to his late last night?"

"I know him."

"Who is he?"

"Who is he? Why, he's a man that lives away up."

"What's his name?"

"What do you want to know for? He isn't in your line."

"Guess not. I saw him in queer company last night."

"He'd be that if he was alone."

But Phil wanted to know, and he was quite willing to trade and buy with Vandy.

The latter saw no reason that he could give Phil for concealing Squam's name, especially as he felt sure that he would learn it some day, so he gave it, and added:

"There's more than one kind of pickpocket, Phil Hawkins, and men don't get that kind of a nose for nothing."

"I'd be just the kind to punch, Phil, and I punched some fellow's late evening."

"Did you, though?"

"Yes, I tried to hustle a man. But I've gassed with you long enough. Here comes Mr. Dunman."

It was Vandy's chance now, and the junior partner intended very particularly to the Junior's boy's explanation of his new business enterprise. All that Vandy gave him.

"Seems to me you've gone too far to back out, now ye've said your money. Hope it's a good thing, but you'll have to watch it. Yes, I'll draw up the right sort of papers for you. Who did you say you bought it of?"

Vandy had not said, and did not mean to, if he could help it.

Well, the concern's in charge of an old Spanish named Garcia, just now. No debts at all, and I only want to pay half of it."

Great was Vandy's astonishment when he next met Mr. Bounce, to find that the sale was really to be made to him, nominally, by the old Spaniard himself.

That'll look all right to Dunman, and I'm glad I did it, all around. It was a busy day for Vandy MacNamara, and he was glad enough, after his evening work was done, to go over for a while and see his mother.

"Pen has come an immense deal of stinging to-day," she told him; "but when I asked him to read some poetry he just whistled at me."

But she did not tell him one word of Mrs. Bounce's performances.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"THE" bill of sale, and other papers for the transaction, were given to Vandy MacNamara.

He was to take the cigar-box to the next day, but when Dunman handed them to his young friend, he said:

"I'll give you a bit of advice."

"Glad of it, sir."

"That's the kind of deal most men make. You must have some witnesses to that paper."

Vandy felt a little relieved, for he had been expecting some comments on the fact that the paper, as drawn, gave him all interest of half of the tobacco stock and business, and he did not wish to make explanations.

"Who can get, sir?"

"I'll take take with me, and go and see to it myself. I don't mean that you shall lose your money, it can help it."

"Thank you, sir, I don't mean to lose it."

"Nobody does, but a great deal of money gets lost, somehow."

It was kindly on the part of Mr. Dunman, but he was a very little hearted man, really, and ready to help anybody—even a man like Vance or a boy like Vandy.

And there was of some importance to get Vandy under obligation to him, and Dunman never neglected his opportunities, like a shrewd business man he was.

He was as good as his word, however, and he took a sharp look at Sister Garcia, and at the stock and at all the surroundings of what Mother Bounce called the "de-van."

"It's a good basin, Vandy, but you must look out for your property. As soon as you can you must make arrangements to be here all the time."

"That's where I'll be, sir; but how'll I fix it with father and mother?"

"You ought to have thought of that before. Better see them at once, I should say."

Vandy had thought of it before, but Mr. and Mrs. MacNamara had only themselves to blame for the fact that he had not told them. They had made him the name of the house, so long, that they had accustomed him to "going alone," so far as they were concerned.

It would have been a bad thing for most boys, and he was winking to their credit that it had not been for Vandy.

Still, his heart smote him a little, as he listened to Mr. Dunman, and he hurried home to his parents, even before he went to show the bill of sale to Mrs. Bounce.

That good lady had not deemed her presence necessary in signing of the paper, for good reasons of her own, and was waiting patiently for her young partner, in her chair behind the apple-tree.

If Vandy had looked for a quiet thing of it in that upper story home of his, he was dreadfully mistaken.

The old folks heard him to the end of his story, quite as much as an unassuming took away their breath as for any other reason, but then they opened on him.

"Two hundred dollars of your own savings?"

"And ye had it in a bank?"

"And silver told ye your father and mother?"

"There's no find to what we could have bought with same money."

"If we'd known of it."

"And now you've gone and bought a cigar-shop."

"Oh, Vandy, drink it! Two hundred dollars gone!"

"Mr. Dunman drew up the papers himself," ventured Vandy, as there seemed to be a lull in the storm.

"He did, did he? I'd never thought that of him. What did he say to a boy like yourself havin' two hundred?"

In two days after this, Mary Maguire's grandfather was buried. The squire was duly informed of the event, and, mounting his hunter, he rode off to the neighboring town to see the land-agent, pay down the money, and be able to call the toll-bar cottage and bit of land his own.

The agent was a jolly sort of a man, and fond of a glass; Mr. McNeill was well known and wealthy, so he must have after the transaction had been closed, and drink to their better acquaintance. Timothy was nothing loath. So it happened that when he left the agent's office it was about ten o'clock at night. His nearest way lay by the old road and the toll-gate. At first he hesitated to turn into this road; then, although by nature a coward, the whisky he had taken gave him courage, and with an oath against all phantoms—particularly the ghost of old Maguire—he rode boldly on. Once during the ride a strange gleaminess seized him, and only that he clutched the horse's neck tightly he would have fallen. Then the white face he had seen at the foot of his bed came before his mind, and the whispered words, "Come, come!" seemed to ring in his ears. But this was only for a moment, and he was almost himself again, and glancing over his shoulder. Not only was the old man out of his way, but he had a chance of being avenged upon the girl who had sent his son from him, and he would vex that son best by sending her astray.

Busy with these thoughts, he was almost close to the toll-bar before he observed it. His custom had been to clear it at a leap—he would neither pay toll nor wait for it being opened; but this time he was too close for the horse to take the fence properly. The moon had hidden under a cloud while Timothy peered into the darkness to see how many yards the gate might be ahead. Suddenly the horse gave a violent plunge that almost unseated him, and the next moment, planting his forefeet firmly on the ground, he reared up and snatched at the rider. He trembled in every limb. In another moment the rider was in as great terror as the animal, and clutched tightly at the horse's mane to keep himself from falling. Right in front of the toll-bar stood what he imagined to be his ancestor's majesty; in one hand he held a lantern, which threw a weird light around. Timothy raised his eyes, and on every bar of the gate were thousands of grinning imps leering at him, laughing and mocking. When he had fully taken in the scene, the figure with the lantern extended his claw, and in a horrible, cracked voice, while his goggle eyes rolled hideously in his head, he demanded toll.

"Timothy McNeill, you have paid no toll for years; pay it to me now."

"Pay it now! pay it now!" was screamed and shrieked in various keys from the mocking elves on the gate.

"He don't like, but he's a coward—he'll do it," said one, who sat gravenly perched on the post, with a great pipe in his mouth.

"I defy him to leap it," said another little monster, who stood with his hands where his sides ought to be, and stuck out his tongue provokingly.

Then the fiend with the lantern began to count up the toll which was owing, adding in all the little petty trickery resorted to by Timothy to save money, each imp shouting out what the unfortunate squire believed to be no even suspected.

For a time abject fear held Timothy silent, then anger got the better of his alarm, and when some taunt more stinging than the others fell upon his ears he roused himself with a mighty effort, and backed his horse sufficiently for a spring. He glanced up, and saw hover over the gate and far above in the air millions of wicked faces and piercing eyes. He felt completely maddened and reckless, and with a shout which sounded harsh and rough from his parched throat, he dug his spurs into the horse's flanks.

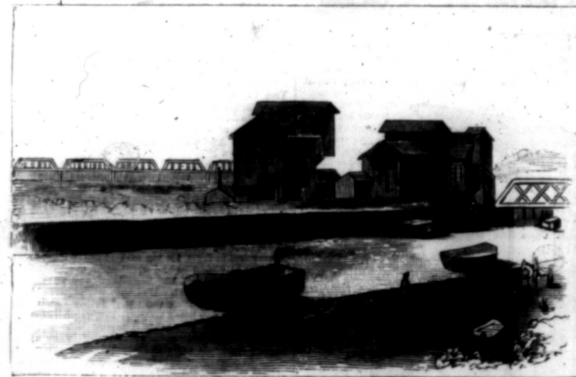
The animal had ceased trembling, strange to say, and answered to the will of his master. He leaped clear through the meshes of faces over the toll-bar, but then, as he suddenly struck powerless, horse and rider came down with a sickening crash on the other side.



OUR DRAWING TABLE.—FIRST PRIZE.

ARRIVED AT THE TOLL-BAR.—"PAY IT NOW—PAY IT NOW!" WAS SCREAMED AND SHRIEKED IN VARIOUS KEYS FROM THE MOCKING ELVES ON THE GATE.—SEE PAGE 315.

In about four hours a farmer who was stirring early discovered the dead horse, and with difficulty raised the man, whom he supposed to be also dead. He recognized the squire, and at once summoned a neighbor and had him conveyed to the nearest house, which was the toll-bar cottage. Here he was laid on a bed and a doctor sent for. A mixture was forced between his lips, and he opened his eyes, but seemed quite unconscious of what was passing around him. The doctor said his spine was injured seriously, and he could not live for many hours. At this, very true Simon, who had kept up a correspondence with Mary Maguire, was on his way to urge her once more to be his wife, now that her grandfather was gone and she alone in the world. So it happened that, notwithstanding the doctor's prediction, Timothy McNeill was alive on the second day after the accident, while Mary Maguire tended him with the care of a loving daughter. She never



OUR DRAWING TABLE.—THIRD PRIZE.

left his side, and from her hand he received the cooling drink so grateful to his parched lips. Late in the evening of the second day Simon arrived, and as he stood gazing at the father whom he had parted from in anger, and who might never recognize him again, a tear rolled down his cheek and fell on his father's face.

Timothy, who had been moving his head and muttering incoherently, started suddenly and glanced from his son, who stood at one side of the bed, to Mary, who was earnestly watching him at the other. He gave a deep sigh, then said, in a low voice:

"Yes, I must obey. There is no help. Simon, and you, Mary, I consent to your marriage. I promised your father, and—"

Here his voice failed him, and he swooned away. Restoratives were used, but all of no avail; his time was come.

It is almost unnecessary to say that in six months afterward Simon McNeill and Mary Maguire were married. They are at present middle-aged people, with a lot of children growing up around them; but it has been said there is not a more quietly happy home in the county, nor more truly charitable people, in every sense of the word, than the present squire and his wife.

The toll-bar was taken down, but superstitious people avoid passing near it after nightfall, simply because the old squire here met his death. The most timid have never yet seen a ghost near it, and let us hope that Timothy expiated all his faults by his self-sacrifice, and that his spirit rests in the place assigned to it, in peace.

Instruction is logic, to promising student.—"By what method of reasoning do you infer that a bullet is not after it strikes a target?" Promising Student.—"By picking it up, sir."

Rob Rollalong, the Runaway.

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG.

AUTHOR OF THE "JACK HARRAWAY" AND "DICK LIGHT-HEART" STORIES, ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

EVERYTHING went on well with the castaways. Their corn grew space, and they had a pretty good crop, for vegetation was very quick on the island.

The parrots and other birds caused them some little trouble, but they put up scarecrows and shot a good many, which kept off the rest.

The goats gave plenty of milk, which was ex-

actly what the weather had become particularly calm and delightful after the wind and rain that had prevailed, and as Rob walked along he thought he had never seen anything so lovely as the scenery which met his view.

The tropical vegetation was of the most luxuriant kind.

Goody-plumaged birds flitted about from tree to tree, and so tame were they that he could have shot them easily, but he knew the value of powder and shot, and forbore to kill anything for the mere pleasure of killing it, as the doctor had cautioned him against wasting ammunition, just as a New York sportsman does when he comes down to Staten Island and shoots the sparrows, because he don't like to go home without something to brag of.

He had walked a couple of miles, when he came in sight of a pleasant glade on a thousand yards from the sea.

Standing as he was, on a slight eminence, he beheld everything beneath him, spread out as it on a map. No wonder he started and turned pale.

Drawn up on the beach were half a dozen canoes, each capable of holding twelve people.

In the glade were a mass of savages, over sixty in number.

They were tall, apparently athletic, nearly naked, only wearing a rude sort of matting round their loins; their hair was long and black, and their movements indicated that they were enjoying a holiday of some sort.

Rob was not wrong in conjecturing that these were the dreaded cannibals of whom the doctor had spoken.

They did not inhabit the island, but had come over from the mainland to celebrate some infernal custom.

Wast that custom was he was not long in discovering.

The cannibals had lighted three large fires.

By the side of each fire was a captive, lying on the ground, bound hand and foot.

Each captive was white, while the color of the savages was a dusky brown.

At the first fire was a man, at the second a man, and at the third a girl.

Rob strained his eyes to distinguish their features, but in vain, as he was too far off.

Suddenly he remembered that he could run back to the castle and get the doctor's binocular glass, which would enable him to get a better view of the proceedings, without endangering himself by approaching too near.

If he did go too near, he might become a fourth victim; and another fire he lighted for the especial purpose of roasting him.

He ran back with all possible speed to the castle, arriving there out of breath.

"What is the matter with you?" said the doctor, who had just come back from the cave, after attending to Johnson.



OUR DRAWING TABLE.—SECOND PRIZE.

"That's how he got his man Friday," said Rob.

"Presumably, and the cannibals will get us if we don't keep our optics open," replied the doctor.

"I'll keep my eyes open," said Rob; "and as I want a walk, I'll take my gun and run along the shore to see if I can discover anything."

"All right," exclaimed the doctor; "only remember one thing."

"Cannibals don't wear shoes."

"What of that?"

"All you must to convince you of the fact that savages do visit this island is to see the print of a naked foot."

"I'll look out for one, sir," replied Rob; "and say, doc, if I do see one of those man-eating beasts—"

"They eat boys, too," interrupted the doctor.

"What shall I do?"

"Shoot him on sight."

"Good enough. Will you come with me, Kedge?"

"No, thank you. I am reading: Prescott's History of Mexico. I want to be still," Kedge replied.

"That will do," said the doctor. "You go and hunt for cannibals, Rob. Kedge can read about Montezuma, and I'll go and feed Johnson, and give him a lecture."

Rob shouldered his gun and went on his search.

It was a beautiful day, and so tame were they that he could have shot them easily, but he knew the value of powder and shot, and forbore to kill anything for the mere pleasure of killing it, as the doctor had cautioned him against wasting ammunition, just as a New York sportsman does when he comes down to Staten Island and shoots the sparrows, because he don't like to go home without something to brag of.

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If he did go too near, he might become a fourth victim; and another fire he lighted for the especial purpose of roasting him.

"Cannibals!" gasped Rob.

"But what's that?"

"Cannibals!" said Rob, recovering his breath. "A heap of them, too; I saw them. Half a dozen canoes on the south beach."

"What are they doing?"

"Going to have a feast."

"On what?—turtles or goats?"

"Neither. They have three white captives, and have built up three big fires. For God's sake, hurry up and let us try and save them! Bring your glass and get your rifle. Where's Kedge?"

"Here," replied Kedge, coming out of the castle, book in hand.

The doctor reflected a moment, while Rob explained the state of affairs to Kedge. He was armed with a patent Remington repeater rifle, and he had his glass slung over his shoulder.

"I'm ready," he said.

"Come on, boys."

"What will you do, doctor?" asked Rob.

"Rescue them captives."

"Who do you think they are?"

"Some of those who escaped from the wreck on the night of the storm. Did you see their forms?"

"Yes, sir. There were two men and a girl."

"Poor creatures! I expect they escaped from the wreck in a boat, and were driven by the wind to some island south of us, and fell into the hands of the natives, and have been brought over here, according to custom, to be eaten."

"Shall we be able to save them, sir?"

"I hope so. Get your guns and cartridges, and come along," answered the doctor. The boys did as they were told, and Rob led the way to the spot from which he had at first sighted the collection of men-eaters.

They were still engaged in enjoying themselves in celebrating their barbarous rites, which consisted in dancing wild dances and shouting, while some of their number made shrill music by blowing through reeds and tapping upon dry, empty gourds.

The doctor took a look through his glass.

"Old man, middle-aged man, and pretty girl," he exclaimed, ironically.

"Let me look, please, sir!" said Rob.

The doctor handed him the glass.

He had not looked long at the dancing savages and their helpless captives when his hand began to tremble so violently that he almost dropped the glass.

"What's the matter?" asked Doctor Ames.

"Matter enough, doc," replied Rob. "I know those white people."

"The prisoners?"

"Yes, sir. They are Hattie Elliott, Vangs, and somebody else. The third man I can't recognize, but the first two I'll swear to."

"That is strange, indeed," said the doctor, to whom these names were familiar, as Rob had related his history to him during the evenings when they were alone in the castle.

Kedge was greatly excited at this news, and taking the glass from Rob's hand, corroborated his statement.

"That's Vangs, sure enough," he said. "I haven't sailed under him so long without getting pretty familiar with his mug. Hattie, too, I'd know in a thousand."

"I guess," remarked the doctor, "that they were in the ship which fired the mine-guns the other night, and, as I surmised at the time, those who escaped in the boats were carried to another island, inhabited by cannibals, into whose hands they fell."

"What are we going to do, sir?" asked Rob.

"We have only one duty before us, and that is to rescue them."

At this reply the boys' eyes danced with delight.

"I'd lay down my life for Hattie," he said. "The cannibals shan't have her, though they may eat old Vangs as soon as they like."



ROB ROLLALONG, THE RUNAWAY.—"SCARCELY HAD HE GONE A DOZEN YARDS, WHEN TWO PEOPLE SPANG UP OUT OF THE LONG GRASS AND DRAGGED HIM TO THE GROUND. BY THIS TIME VANGS HAD MASTERED HATTIE."

"We'll save Vangs and the other one, too. How many cartridges have we with us?" asked the doctor.

"The cartridges were counted, and found to number thirty-six."

"Making allowance for misfires, we ought to be able to kill at least thirty of those howling beasts," continued the doctor.

"That will be half their number; and the rest, we may reasonably suppose, will take to their canoes, leaving the prisoners behind. We will post ourselves under the brow of the hill which overlooks their camp, and pour in our fire."

"Good," said Rob and Kedge, who grasped their rifles and followed the doctor.

The latter advanced carefully, so as not to be seen by the savages, whom he wished to surprise, thinking that their rifles would astonish



ADMIRAL MICHAEL GRAU, THE NELSON OF THE PACIFIC.
SEE PAGE 318.

and demoralize them.

Rob's head was in a whirl.

He had often thought of Hattie, as we know, and when Hec Arlick's letter to Kedge informed him that she, too, was in a ship, plowing the bottom of the deep in the same direction that he himself was traveling, he wondered if they would ever meet.

When he was wrecked and cast on the desert island, he had wished for her to share his lot, and his prayer had been answered more than he had anticipated.

"Hurry up," cried the doctor, suddenly; "they are going to kill the prisoners; we must stop that."

He was right.

A tall savage, with a wooden sword, had seized Hattie and was holding her up by the arm, while he swung his sword about, as if he would cut her head off.

bewildered manner at one another. There was a tradition among them that a white man had once been wrecked on this very island.

But he had been dead long ago, and the legend had come down from father to son for generations.

This tradition, of course, related to Robinson Crusoe.

Three of their number had fallen, and as the white men went on firing at the dusky savages, they dropped off like chestnuts from a tree in a storm.

The practice was excellent.

Rob only missed once, and the doctor and Kedge, who had more experience in shooting than he, brought down their man every time.

Then such a stampede was seen among these savages!

Abandoning their prisoners, and giving up all idea of dining upon their flesh, as they had evidently intended, they scattered for the beach, lumbering helter-skelter into their boats, setting the huge paddles which they used as propellers, and making every exertion to get away as soon as possible from the strange "thunder and lightning" which was making such havoc in their ranks.

Kedge and Rob continued to blow away as quickly as they could put cartridges in their guns; but the doctor, who, like all truly brave men, was likewise a humane man, called upon them to stop.

"Don't fire any more," said he, "because we have put the enemy to flight, and so they have never done us any harm, we don't want to take their lives wantonly. Having accomplished our object, which was to save the prisoners and put the savages to flight, let us save our powder and give the survivors a chance."

"You're quite right, sir. I didn't think of that," replied Kedge.

A tall savage, with a wooden sword, had seized Hattie and was holding her up by the arm, while he swung his sword about, as if he would cut her head off.

He and Rob stopped firing, and waiting under the brow of the hill, they watched the cannibals rowing away toward the island which they inhabited, the outlines of which, on a clear day, could be dimly made out with a glass.

The prisoners were still closely bound, and, therefore, had no chance to get away from the spot where they had been left by their brutal captors.

"Let's go down the hill, sir," exclaimed Rob.

It was a critical moment. Would the doctor and the boys arrive in time to save a shot for her salvation? A few minutes would decide this.

CHAPTER XX.

SNATCHES FROM THE JAW OF DEATH.

As soon as they got within range, the doctor said to his companions:

"Don't be hasty; single out your man, each of you, and fire with care. A random shot is so much cartridge lost. Never shut your eyes, and trust to luck."

"I don't think we're likely to do that, sir," replied Kedge, smiling.

"I'm going for the beast who has got Hattie," said Rob, "and I'm going to wait for nobody."

He just covered the savage who was still flourishing the sword over the poor girl's head, just like a cavalierman going through the sword exercise.

"Ping! The sharp crack of the rifle was heard."

The leader messenger of death sped on its way.

It struck the cannibal butcher in the forehead, and he and his sharp, wooden sword fell to the ground together.

Hattie sank on her knees, as if in prayer.

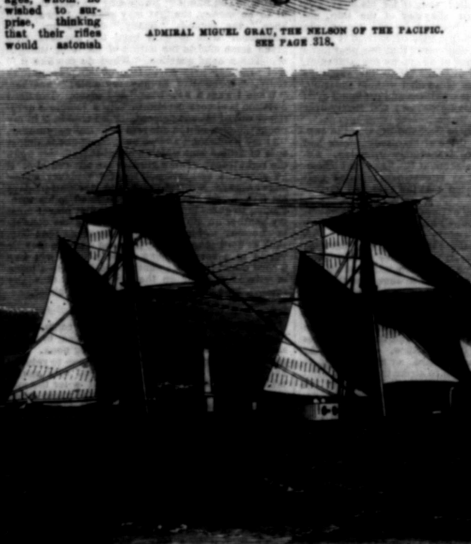
She knew that help was at hand, though she was ignorant of its nature.

Only white men could fire that shot.

So she shut her eyes, and prayed fervently that God would help her out of the dreadful fix she was in.

A second shot again the sharp ping of the rifle was heard.

The savages looked in a



ADMIRAL GRAU, THE NELSON OF THE PACIFIC.—THE PERUVIAN IRONCLAD "HUASCAR."

OUR LETTER-BOX.

F. M.—By official drawing we need a sketch from nature. For instance, the head of either of your parents, the house you live in, or some scene near your home—anything that is not copied from a print, picture, drawing, or model.

J. W.—Of course you cannot expect that we shall be able to extend your drawing the moment it reaches us. We are forced to wait until we have a good number of them.

R. BROWN.—Remember that though in your own eyes your sketch is the best in the world, that when it is submitted to the Art Committee, they may form a very different opinion.

TOM.—Have patience and try again. We want to teach you as well as award prizes.

GEOFFREY B.—We still be happy to answer any questions respecting drawings or any other subject that you may put to us. If our answer does not appear immediately, you must not become impatient, but be sure that it will appear in time.

W. B. T.—Yes; you must be very careful to send an original drawing.

"BOO-YOU."—Mail us an answer to your communication on the 1st inst.

THE DRAWING-TABLE.

FIRST COMPETITION.

HONORABLE MENTION.

- H. F. Baker, 47 Bell Street, West Philadelphia, Pa.
 Isaac Brown, Mansfield, Ohio.
 C. Vactor, 1259 Meriden Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Henry Higgins, 325 Tenth Street, Troy, N. Y.
 Daniel E. Hogan, 241 West Thirty-seventh Street, New York City.
 James Yaband, No. 1 Third Street, Court, South Boston, Mass.
 Harry E. Dale, 2518 Parish Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Adolf Plesiet, 246 West Water Street, Milwaukee, Wis.
 F. J. Rooney, Public School No. 15, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Frank McHaffie, Box 153, Bradford, Ontario, Canada.
 Colman De Godes, 160 McHenry Street, Newark, N. J.
 O. C. Hale, Lebanon, Ohio.
 G. A. Calvie, Youngstown, Ohio, Box 296.
 W. E. Robinson, Morrisville, Lamoille County, Vermont.
 R. Backman, in care of George L. Johnson, 43 South Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
 William O. Speer, Jr., 128 Canal Street, New York City.

SECOND COMPETITION.

PRIZE WINNERS.

- L. Benjamin E. Lowe, 134 Chambers Street, New York City.
 U. S. Grant Eagleton, 19 South Mount Street, Baltimore, Md.
 W. Washie Vanderlip, Elkhart, Ind.

HONORABLE MENTION.

- F. F. Cole, 111 Hart Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Thomas Beck, third grade, Second Ward Public School, Louisville, Ky.
 William F. Smith, 1519 Broadway, east of Allen and Canal Avenue. (Send full address.)
 Walter M. Hock, Terrence, Mich.
 Bella A. Douglas, 16 Dem Street, Camden, N. J.
 Eva E. Morgan, Seventh and Jackson Streets, Camden, N. J.
 Harry Ferguson, Houston. (Send full address.)
 John L. Hoffmann, Marquette, Mich.
 Seymour Many, 12 Jackson Street, New York City.
 Alvin Chidwell, Nashville, Tenn.
 J. Powell Spindle, Advanced Grammar School for Boys (Care of E. A. Paul, Principal, Send full address.)
 Charles W. Nichols, New Richmond, Clermont County, Ohio.
 Charles H. Johnson, 97 Tremont Street, Lawrence, Mass.

The following candidates have been heard from, and their drawings will be decided upon next week:

- C. G. Northern, Van Allen Johnson, H. M. Brownell, John Conway, Fred W. Ryan, R. Backman, George A. Ingalls, Charles Tighe, Alfred P. Sharp, J. Powell Spindle, Frank P. Brooks, Miss M. A. Logan, Benjamin E. Lowe, Frank Williamson, Mabel E. Corry, E. C. Large, Frank N. McKever, Emil A. Fawcett, Mrs. M. L. Benjamin, William H. Millman, Jr., Frank McHaffie, F. E. Williams, Jesse Goffley, Jr., E. Kennedy, Jr., A. Lipphard, F. J. McKell, Leon L. Myers, Louis Grumacher, Logan M. Longmeyer, John Grum.

THE ROUND TABLE.

PRIZES.

To be Read by all who Send Answers.
 FOR A COMPLETE SET OF ANSWERS TO ALL THE ENIGMAS, ETC., IN THIS NUMBER.

For the best and earliest, due allowance being made for the distance of each competitor—\$5.00.
 For the next best—2.50.
 For the third in merit and promptness—1.00.

N. B.—There is no prize offered for an answer to only one puzzle or riddle. The answers must be to ALL. Competitors in all parts of the country have an equal chance.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 655.

1. Army. 2. Dent. 3. Net. 4. Chivalry. 5. Zoo. 6. Map. 7. Cap. 8. Funeral. 9. Box. 10. Rat. 11. Car. 12. J. Edgar. Court—Jury. 13. Undergo. 14. Dream. 15. Gambler. 16. Editor. 17. Pine. 18. Rat. 19. Hat. 20. Rat. 21. Rat. 22. Rat. 23. Rat. 24. Rat. 25. Rat. 26. Rat. 27. Rat. 28. Rat. 29. Rat. 30. Rat.

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 555.

1. Frank Treuman, Alexandria, Va.
 2. A. De Brisy, Goldenboro, N. C.
 3. Alexander M. Oler, 18 Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

The following competitors had also all their answers correct, but were slightly distanced as to time:

- N. L. Seguin, André W. Seguin, Annie M. Sheldon (missed sending No. 7). R. J. Butler, James Connor and Annie Richardson.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—TRANSPORITION.

Is a domestic animal.
 Is properly transported.
 A word which beareth to perform
 Will quickly be disclosed.

2.—SQUARE WORDS.

That you sometimes indulge in my first you will see.
 Often pleasant and soothing I own it to be;
 My second won't puzzle you long when you hear

It is used for expressing a reverent fear;
 Sad to think, many people my first seem to find
 A good place for my first—not improving their mind.

3.—CHARADE.

"For sale! for sale! My first's for sale,
 So bright and fresh and yellow.
 What does not like my first, I think,
 Must be a dainty little fellow."

I sighed for air—for air that's fresh—
 And air we breathe in air—
 I hired my second, how away
 And never thought it was a play.

We flew so fast I scarce could see
 The country of a verdant dye.
 Still seated in my second, I saw
 My whole go fluttering by.

4.—ACROSTICAL X PUZZLE.

My first is a boy's Christian name,
 Which, riddlers, please write down;
 Next is a useful article;
 And third is seen in gown.

A kind of fish for next is seen;
 And last is a boy's name, I ween;
 Centres, if read aright, I know,
 An animal will surely show.

5.—SQUARE WORDS.

My first in every home is seen.
 Whether 'tis large or small;
 And next's a weathercock, I ween,
 All things said have one of my third.
 As you can plainly see;
 While last is made by every bird
 That lives wild in the tree.

6.—LOGOGRIFF.

My first when reversed, or turned the wrong way,
 Will show what takes place in our shops every day.
 When second the same process it doth undergo,
 A nutcracker I believe it will show.

Third a large town I'm sure you will find,
 Not any in particular—pray bear this in mind.
 These parts, when combined or united by view,
 The power of recovering shape will bring to view.

7.—DECAPITATION.

War causes much of this, I read;
 But if you will kindly lop his head,
 He'll presto! in a most cheering sound
 Will from the headless trunk rebound.

8.—ENIGMA.

I'm the delight of children young,
 And thus they me in the air.
 And dance about, and skip, and run,
 Whilst I myself may tear.

9.—CENTRAL ADDITION.

To-day, dear friends, I've little time to spare,
 Yet, so that my amusement all may share,
 This con. of mine I will at once declare,
 If you agree.

Of rashness, then, I warn you to beware,
 Lest you may fall into that common snare;
 Be sure and steady; ever by despair
 Unconquered be.

Then, if you but for novelties can care,
 They'll not be to be discovered everywhere.
 And this, I trust, is anything but rare.
 A stately tree.

When that you've rooted from its secret lair,
 Just place a letter in its centre fair.
 And sought more popular than what is there
 You'll ever see.

10.—CHARADE.

A little tree my first will be;
 A lapse of time will give my second;
 A kind of mare's head will declare.
 A royal line whole may be reckoned.

CAUTION.

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of the political events which it has in store, or the necessity of resolute vigilance on the part of every citizen who desires to preserve the Government that the founders gave us. The debates and acts of Congress, the utterance of the press, the exciting contests of the Republican and Democratic parties, now nearly equal in strength throughout the country, the varying drift of public sentiment, will all bear directly and effectively upon the twenty-fourth Presidential election, to be held in November. Four years ago next November, the will of the nation, as expressed at the polls, was thwarted by an abominable conspiracy, the promoters and beneficiaries of which still hold the offices they stole. Will the crime of 1876 be repeated in 1880? The past decade of years opened with a corrupt, extravagant and insolent administration intrusted at Washington. THE SUN did something towards dislodging the gang and breaking its power. The same men are now intriguing to restore their leader and themselves to places from which they were driven by the indignation of the people. Will they succeed? The coming year will bring the answers to these momentous questions. THE SUN will be on hand to chronicle the facts as they are developed, and to exhibit them clearly and fearlessly in their relations to expediency and right.

Thus, with a habit of philosophical good humor in looking at the minor affairs of life, and in great things a steadfast purpose to maintain the rights of the people and the principles of the Constitution against all aggressors, THE SUN is prepared to write a truthful, instructive, and at the same time entertaining history of 1880.

Our rates of subscription remain unchanged. For the DAILY SUN, a four-page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, postpaid, is 50 cents a month, or \$6.00 a year, or, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents a month, or \$7.75 a year, postage paid.

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The price of THE WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, fifty-six columns, is \$1 a year, postage paid. For clubs of ten sending \$10 we will send an extra copy free.

Address, I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher of THE SUN, New York City.

A RICH PRACTICAL JOKE.

A YOUNG gentleman, who had fallen into the silly habit of writing letters to young girls, recently had a little practical joke played on him that we think will stop him from composing love-letters for some time. One of these letters happened to fall into the hands of some of his companions, and they decided to carry on a correspondence with him. The writer of the original letter had asked for an answer, directing that it be placed under a certain stone in a meadow. The young men accordingly placed their answer under the stone, as directed. The correspondence, they allege, finally resulted in the request for a meeting with the young lady in the woods. One of the young men was then delegated to play young lady, and the appointment was agreed to.

On the night appointed, a number of young farmers, spoiling for fun, hid themselves in the bushes, while the young "lady" selected took his position at the trying place. By-and-by the unknown love-sick swain rode along and gave the signal agreed upon. The masculine young "lady" responded, but, before the anticipated fun began, the horseman detected the voice to be that of a man. The bogus female, who was insignificant in size compared to the horseman, became alarmed at the prospect of a body-beating, and called out to the secreted crowd:

"Whop'er up, boys!"

At this moment the parties in ambush fired a volley, they say up in the air, and so frightened the horseman almost out of his senses, and caused him to decamp hastily.

double vanished, and his hearty "Oh, thank you, sir!" made the teacher smile.

"You're very slow, Dunn—very slow. I don't think I ever saw a boy just like you; but still what you learn you learn."

That was just it—what Tom Dunn knew he knew thoroughly.

"Well, if here isn't Tom, just as dinner is done!" cried his sister Anne.

"And every bit of the pudding gone," said Oscar, the next-oldest brother. "I made sure you'd stay all day."

"Poor boy!" sighed his mother: "he always seems to be behind in everything. Ever since he was a baby he has been slow."

Tom sat down, however, and ate the scraps contentedly. It had always been his lot to eat scraps. Nobody seemed to think that Tom would care.

"I don't know what we shall do with that boy," Mr. Dunn often said, when talking over the prospects of their children. "Charley inclines to the law, and Oscar will be a doctor; but what ability has Tom for anything? He is so slow and plodding, so little ambition, that I am discouraged when I think of his future."

"Poor Tom!" said Mrs. Dunn, half sighing, half laughing; "he is the black sheep of the family. When he was a little fellow I used often to be startled by the owl-like wisdom of his face. I never thought then that it was dullness. He can't help it. His motions are slow, his mind is slow. But I hope he will make his way in the world."

Tom was the butt of all the family, but it did not seem to anger him at all. He knew he was slow.

for, save in the coldest weather, Tom never had a fire.

There were three shelves, full of excellent books, and on a table at the side of the room stood some-thing that looked like a wooden armchair. Bits of wood, a few tools, and a paper filled with sawdust, kept them company.

Of course Tom got but frugal meals in this place. A widow and her daughter kept the house, letting nearly all the rooms to lodgers, but Tom's quiet ways and pleasant face had won an entrance to their hearts, and they took him to their table for a small consideration.

Tom ran up-stairs as soon as he reached the house. He never ran up-stairs in any other place, but there was an attraction there which was better than the amusements to which his fellow-clerks devoted themselves.

No sooner had he seated himself at the table, and taken up a screw, than some one knocked at the door. At his low "Come in," his eldest brother presented himself, dressed in the height of fashion—handsome and even imposing in his appearance.

"Well, Tom, so these are your lodgings, my boy," said the young man. "Not much style, I must say."

"Not much," said Tom, cheerfully. "Have you just come from home?"

"Yes, and everything is going on about the same. Father is mightily pleased that I have got my sign up."

"And are you prospering?" asked Tom, with a sidelong glance upon the ivory case, the kid gloves, and the gold chain.

"I never lend," said Tom.

Charley's breath grew short and quick. Some insulting speech was on the end of his tongue, for he felt both rage and contempt. But Tom, rising quietly, went to a desk and lifted the lid.

"If five will do you any good you are welcome to it," he said. "It's all I have by me."

"Tom, you are a good fellow," gasped Charley, his tongue yet hot with the words he had intended to say. "Tom went once or twice to his brother's office, and did not like it."

"Why should the young lawyer spend so much money on pictures?" he asked himself, indignantly. "And why does he keep the company of such men as I have met there?"

One day Tom received a letter from his brother Oscar:

"Dear Old Tom—I expect I shall have to leave college. Things are going wrong at home. I don't suppose any one has told you. They seem to think you have all you can do to take care of yourself; and so you have, I suppose. Charley has been as awful weight upon father, and this year the crops have all failed, and father is disabled from work by rheumatism. I don't care much about myself; I only studied medicine to please father, and should rather be almost anything else."

"I think I could write for the newspapers. Can't you get me a place in some office, and I could write of evenings, and live with you? Think it over, for I'm about sure father is going to lose all his property. Charley plays billiards, and I'm afraid, cards. Write me as soon as you can what can be done for me."



A RICH PRACTICAL JOKE.—HOW A YOUNG MAN WAS CURED OF A SILLY HABIT.

Take our advice, boys, don't start love-letter writing under any circumstances. If you have anything to say to a girl, say it in a square and honest manner, and leave "love-letter writing" to such fools as the young gentleman we have just referred to. We don't advocate practical joking as a rule; indeed, it generally leads to a great deal of mischief; but in the case we have just mentioned it was richly merited.

PLODDING TOM.

"TOM DUNN, do you know your lesson yet?" The question, uttered in an irritated tone, came from a young man who had been reading a newspaper, waiting for the tardy boy of his class.

"N-no, sir; I don't believe I do, quite," was the hesitating reply.

"Are you aware what time it is?"

"One o'clock, sir," said young Dunn.

He knew that well enough. Had not his eyes lingered on the tardy hands of the old, moon-faced clock, and thence gone roving out through the windows to where the fields were sleeping in the noon-day haze? And then he was so hungry!

"Tom, come here, I can't understand what makes you so stupid!" said the teacher, and taking the book he proceeded to hastily review point-blank.

"Do you understand this?" he asked; "and this and that?"

Tom's brow lightened. He was more pleased with himself that things looked clearer, and certain

Charley could play brilliantly, sing a song with excellent effect, play any game well.

Oscar, his younger brother, was famous for his compositions and his power of elocution. All the rest followed, outstripped him, and yet he plodded on patiently.

"Going to the theatre to-night?" asked a well-dressed young man of Tom, as they left a merchant's office together.

This was four years later, and Tom was one of the clerks in Tolman & Tolman's great establishment, and so slow and undemonstrative that the other clerks were always chaffing him. He thought for a moment, rattled some loose coins that were in his pocket, and said: "No."

"Have you ever been?" queried the other.

"Tom looked at him in his usual deliberate way, and replied: "No."

"Then you don't know anything of it."

"Then I don't want to," responded Tom.

"By-the-way, where are you lodging?" asked his friend, pulling on a pair of very tight gloves. Tom never wore gloves.

"In Holbrook Street," said Tom.

"Oh, you're slow. Why, that's not at all fashionable."

"That's why I like it," said Tom. "I only pay five dollars a week. Good-evening."

Tom gained his lodgings—a tall, rusty-looking tenement, in the fourth story of which was his room. It was a very desolate-looking apartment,

"Oh, so-so. Of course it has taken a good deal of money to furnish my office."

"I thought father advanced you a thousand dollars," said Tom.

"So he did. The old gentleman was very good to mortgage the property—for I suppose you are aware of the fact—but things are so expensive."

"What things?" asked Tom, dryly.

"Everything—all things. To get business nowadays a fellow must make a show."

"And so you smoke dear cigars, give suppers now and then, treat your companions, and frequent the theatre?" said Tom.

"Oh, hang it! Your blood's water, Tom; and, besides, your position is different from mine. Things are expected from me. I must go into society. By-and-by I shall get a case that will pay me richly for all these sacrifices."

"Sacrifices!" repeated Tom, in a tone that made Charley's blood more faster, so that he said to himself, with the addition of an oath:

"The same old slowboy, with no more brains than an ox."

"You are still at the machine, I see," he said aloud, a moment after.

"Oh, yes; it costs next to nothing; and if it never succeeds, it gives me something to think about."

"You don't say that you ever think?" was the sarcastic response.

"Well, now and then," was the slow rejoinder.

Charley rose, sauntered back and forth for a few moments, and then stood still, his handsome face reddening. "I say, Tom, can't you lend me ten dollars? I'm absolutely out of cash."

Tom wrote in less than a week. His employer wanted an under-sawman. Then he set himself to look carefully into his father's affairs.

Everything there was going to ruin. The farm was to be sold, his father and mother were nearly heart-broken, and no one for a moment thought of looking to him.

But, nevertheless, he laid his plans. To pay the mortgage was quite impossible, but he hired some comfortable rooms in the old house where he staid, sold what could be sold from the stock of the farm, had the necessary furniture brought to town, and installed his father and mother in a comfortable home. The months passed. The old folks learned to depend upon him, and his sister found a situation as bookkeeper.

One day a gentleman called upon Tom, and was invited into his room.

"You've been at work fifteen years on this machine, you say?" remarked the gentleman, examining it.

The speaker was a business man, whose favor was almost equal to a fortune.

"Yes, sir," said Tom; "I was always a plodder."

"Well, you're plodded to some purpose," was the answer. "I am very sure there's money enough in it to make you a rich man."

Tom grew very red, and the room seemed to go round for a moment.

"Thank you!" he made reply. "I should like to be rich for the sake of others."

And so plodding Tom was the race, and became the practical, efficient, prosperous man of the family.